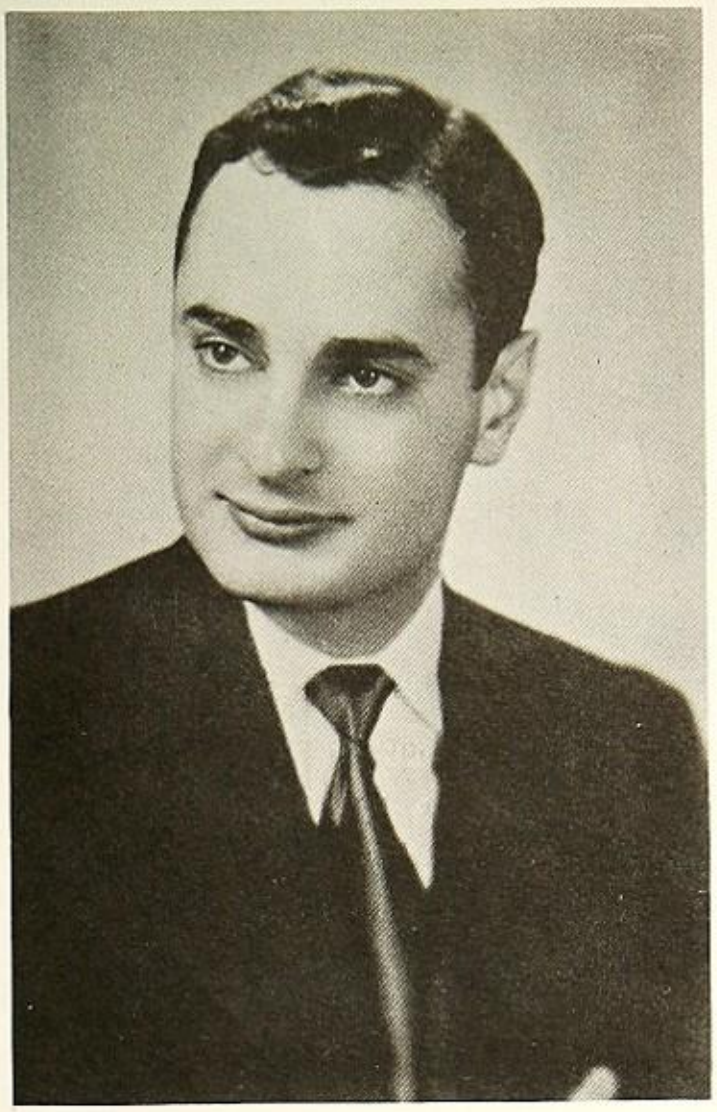
CRESCENT

1956

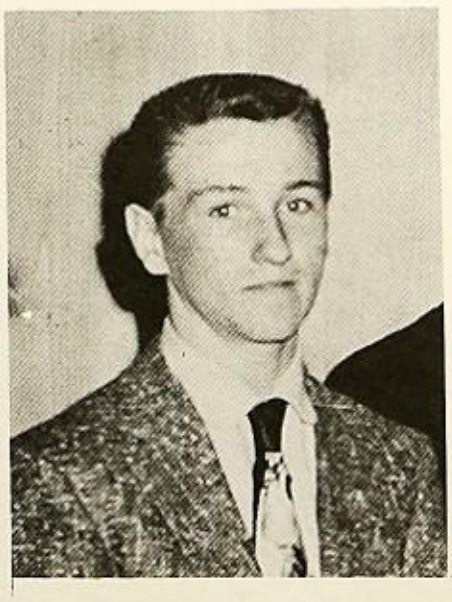
Dedication



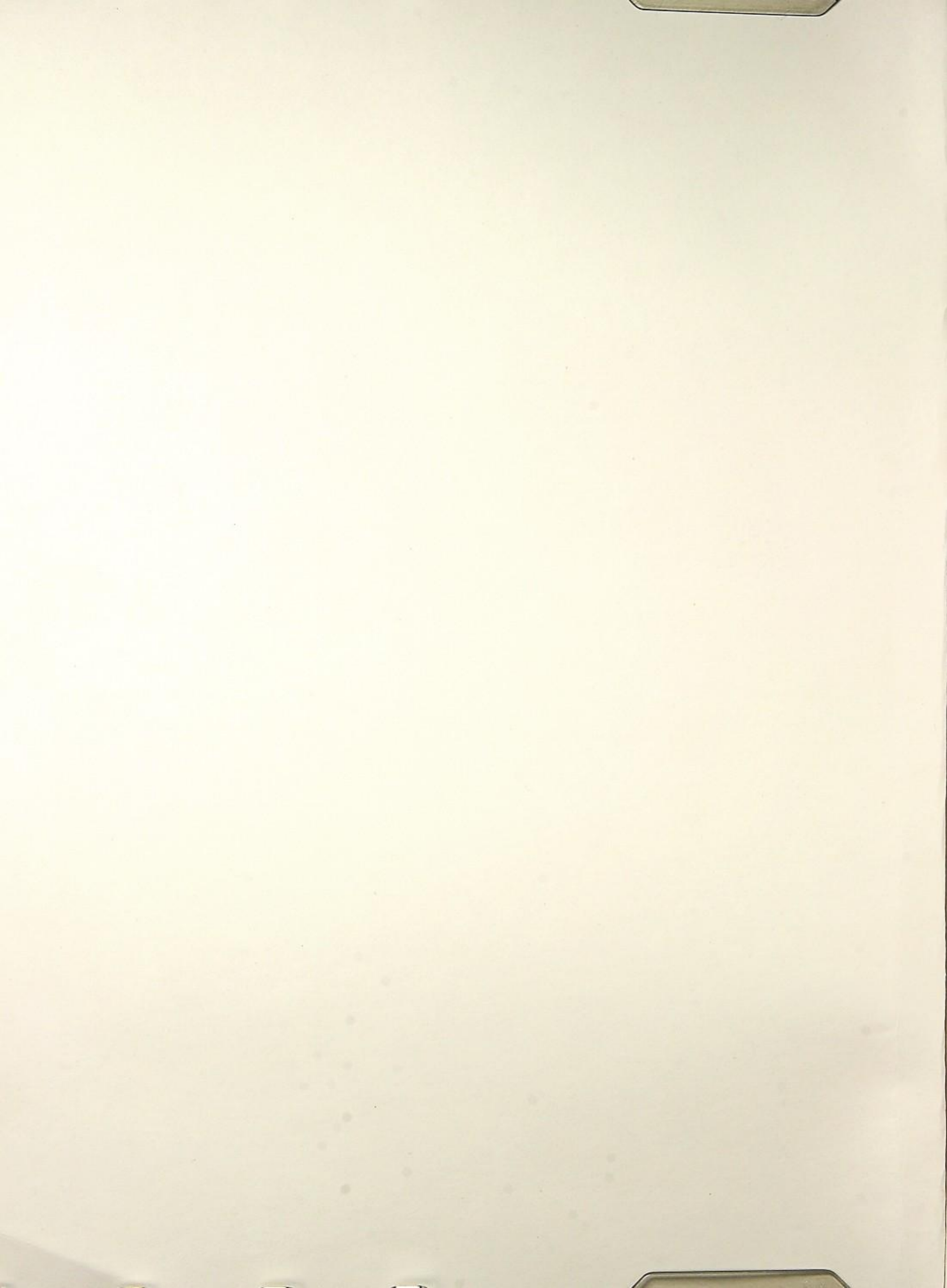
ANTHONY MEZOIAN

In grateful appreciation
to our friend and advisor.

In Memoriam



ROBERT PINKHAM



CRESCENT BOARD

Executive Editors
Claudia Higgins, Janice Lynch

Art Editor and Mimeoscopist
Joel Eastman

Class Editors
1956—Helen Wilson
1957—Judy Goodson
1958—Barbara Elwell
1959—Julie Ingalls

Athletic Editors
Claudia Higgins, Allan Townsend

Alumni Editors
Rosalind Fogg, Patricia Straw

Exchange Editors
Helen Wilson, Carol Betts

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Murry Smith

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Mr. Mezoian

Geraldine Stonier, *Advisor*

ADMINISTRATION

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Stephen Jacobs, Chairman
Merton Waterman
Winnifred Lester

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Chester R. Parker

FACULTY

Principal James E. Stonier: Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry

Anthony P. Mezoian: English, Dramatics

Gertrude M. Elwell: Social Studies, Foreign Languages, and Coach

Robert P. Philbrick: General Science, Biology, Social Studies, and Coach

Geraldine R. Stonier: Commercial subjects, School Secretary and Treasurer

Paul L. Johnson, Agriculture

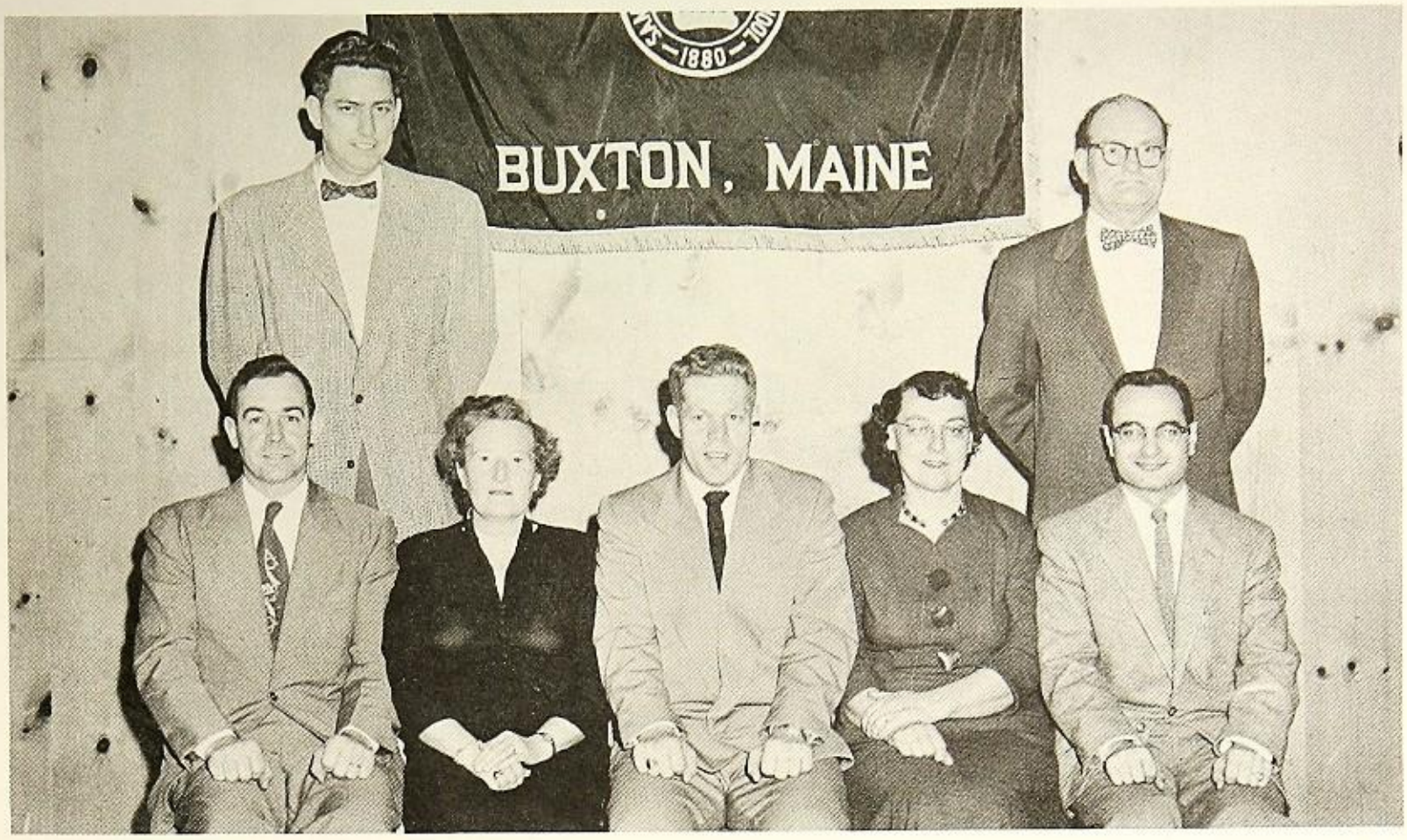
Herman H. Young, Director of Music

STUDENT COUNCIL

SENIORS	JUNIORS
Rosalind Fogg	Gloria Wilson
Theodore Pinkham	Joel Eastman
Joyce Usher	George Davis
Alan Richards	

SOPHOMORES	FRESHMEN
Reginald Plummer	Richard Vail
Roland Usher	

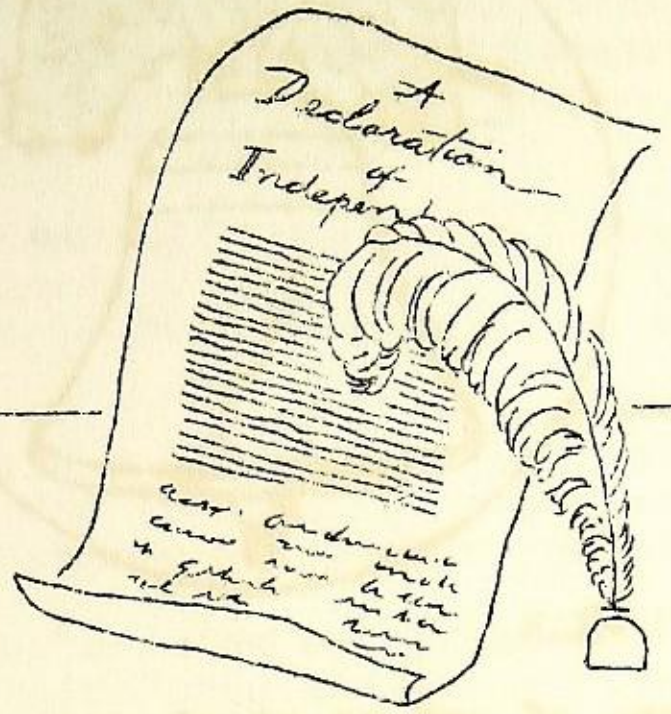
FACULTY



Seated, Left to Right: P. Johnson, G. Stonier, R. Philbrick, G. Elwell, A. Mezoian.
Standing, Left to Right: H. Young, J. Stonier.

STUDENT COUNCIL

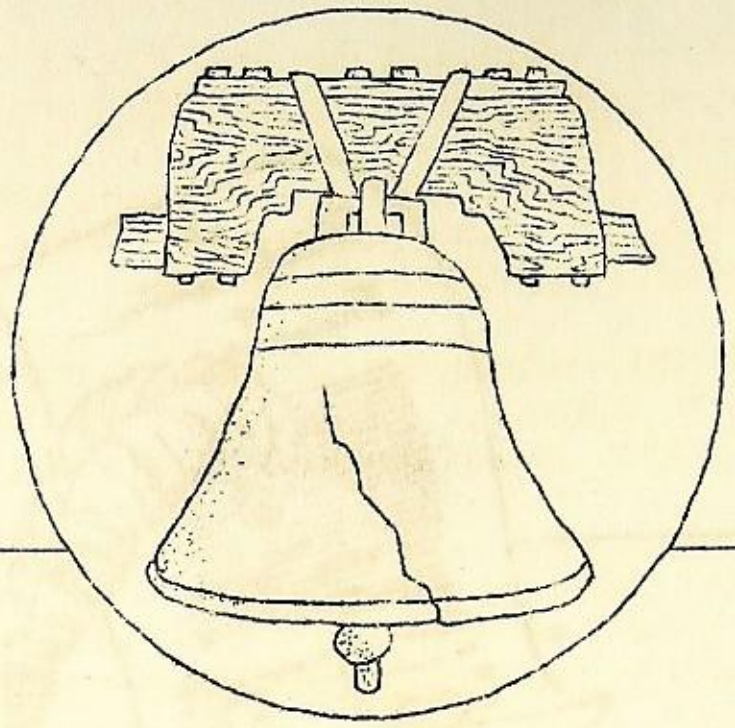
Seated, Left to Right: T. Pinkham, Advisor; Mrs. Elwell, J. Usher, J. Eastman.
Second Row, Left to Right: R. Usher, G. Davis, A. Richards, R. Vail, R. Plummer.
Third Row, Left to Right: R. Fogg, G. Wilson.



"These are times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows to put a proper price upon its good; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as Freedom, should not be highly rated."

--Thomas Paine

THE FOUR FREEDOMS



FREEDOM FROM FEAR — JANICE LYNCH '56

Perhaps one of our greatest possessions is "Freedom from Fear." Unlike the people of some countries, we as Americans have no cause for fear. We have a powerful Constitution which contains the "Bill of Rights." Thus our civil liberties are guarded and protected. We have infinite rights and privileges for the privacy and dignity of our individual lives. Our government maintains armed forces for our security. Because of this, we can retire each night with peace of mind knowing that our nation's defenses are strong and invincible.

Our country's hope for the future is fittingly expressed by Thomas Paine, "God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent." What is there to fear if such a power be on our side?

SENIORS

SENIOR NOTES HELEN WILSON '56

The Senior Class started in its final year with eighteen members and Mr. Mezoian as our class advisor. The following officers were elected: President, Joan Galambos; Vice-President, Virgil Elwell; Secretary, Claudia Higgins; Treasurer, Janice Lynch. Members for the Student Council were: Joyce Usher, Rosalind Fogg, Teddy Pinkham, and Alan Richards.

October found us making plans for a harvest supper which turned out to be a great success. We, also, held an auction which cleared about $100. The "Buxton Bulldog" was offered to the Junior Class to edit.

In November we held a Record Hop and sold the annual Christmas Cards. It was decided to sell sweatshirts to add to our funds. This month a new classmate joined our rank--Keith Bangs.

December found us working on the Senior Play. Virgil Elwell, left us to join the Air Force and Robert Gerrish was elected Vice-President for the remainder of the year.

The small school tournaments held in our gym in February added to our profit from the sale of candy, tonic, and snacks. We were very grateful for the opportunity to have a benefit movie at the Gorham Theater.

In March we had raffles including a doily which was donated by Mrs. Jack Wallace. Many thanks, Mrs. Wallace.

We have been represented in Basketball this year by Captain Joyce Usher, Center Forward Helen Wilson, and Claudia Higgins as manager. Teddy Pinkham was the Captain of the boys' team and Allan Townsend, manager. Helen Wilson won the school trophy for foul-shooting and runner-up was Joyce Usher.

Claudia Higgins is the pianist for the newly organized orchestra--"Buxtonaires."

We are all looking forward to Washington and wish to thank all the townspeople for helping to make this trip possible. Our chaperones for the trip will be Mr. Anthony Mezoian and Mrs. Constance Marcoux.

At long last is June 14, when all the fun and work we have had the past four years will come to an end because it is graduation.

Not Worth It

"Gimme a dime's worth of asafetida," said the girl. The storekeeper tied up the package and the girl said; "Dad wants you to charge it." "All right; what's your name?" "Boisseneau." "Take it for nothing, he said, "I ain't going to spell "asafetida" and Boisseneau" for no dime."

****

A day would be much improved if it started at some other time than in the morning.

--Ivan Holmer

OUR PROGRAM PREVIEW

Class Colors.....Purple and White

Caps and Gowns.....Purple and White

Class Flower.....Purple and White Carnation

Class Marshall.....Richard Berry

School Marshall.....Stuart Gannett

Class Motto

Think, Then Act

Class Honors:

Claudia Higgins.....Valedictorian
Janice Lynch.....Salutatorian

Joyce Usher.....First Honor
Rosalind Fogg.....Second Honor

Next two high ranking seniors in order:

Helen Wilson.....George Wallace

Baccalaureate, June 10, 1956, Tory Hill

Rev. Helen B. Holman

OUR CLASS

Bangs, Keith	Pinkham, Theodore
Fogg, Rosalind	Richards, Alan
Galambos, Joan	Roberts, Margaret
Gerrish, Robert	Rowe, Joseph
Higgins, Claudia	Townsend, Allan
Junkins, Arlene	Trott, John
Lynch, Janice	Wallace, George
MacDougall, Allan	Wilson, Helen
Pinkham, Barbara	Usher, Joyce

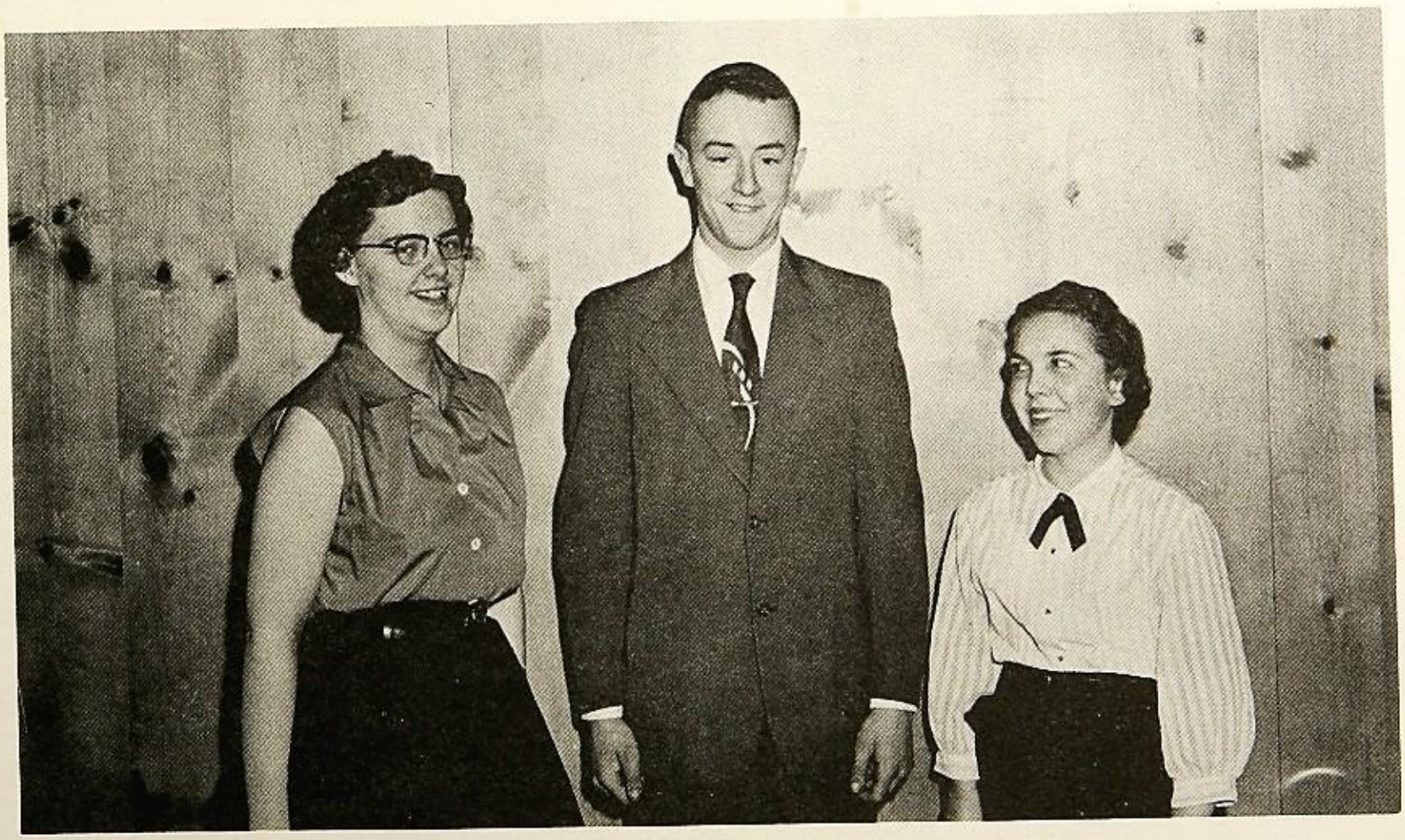
GRADUATION

June 14, 1956, 8 P.M. Buxton Gymnasium

SENIOR PLAY CAST

Seated, Left to Right: C. Higgins, R. Fogg, H. Wilson, J. Lynch.
Second Row, Left to Right: Coach, Mrs. Stonier; J. Usher, A. Townsend, G. Wallace, R. Gerrish, J. Trott, A. MacDougall, M. Roberts, Coach, Mr. Mezoian.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



Left to Right: Secretary, C. Higgins; Vice President, R. Gerrish, Treasurer, J. Lynch.

CLASS POEM "56" BARBARA PINKHAM

The tide comes in, and the tide goes out.
Like the senior class, this year, no doubt.

Joyce and Helen are our basketball stars.
Joe and Keith have trouble with their cars.

Rose and Peg like roadsters--there's a reason.
Mac and George wear coats all season.

Joan and Janice grand students are they,
Plan to attend college at some future day.

Teddy and Richie we must not forget.
Johnny and Bob will be farmers, I bet.

Townie and Claudia are managers.
Barbie and Arlene may be bandagers.

And after this year is completed and through,
They'll sail like a ship to a harbor true.

FREEDOM CARL SANDBURG

Personal freedom, a wide range of individual expression, a complete respect for a human mind and the human personality--this is an ideal of the democratic system. In all the literature, the documents of democracy, you find this respect, this hope, this attitude of reverence toward the fullest possible flowering of each human personality. President Lincoln enjoyed quoting the Irishman who said, "In this country every man is as good as the next one and for the matter of that a little better." We are men, not angels--that is sure. Also we hope we are men and not mice. And sometimes we feel like worms of the dust, doing the best we can, moving a little soil of the earth from where it was to where it will be.

CLASS ODE - 1956 JANICE LYNCH

(Tune: Londonderry Air)

The time has come when we must say good-bye to you.
Oh, Buxton High, our Alma Mater, dear;
Though years may find us far and bring adventures new,
To all our hearts and memories you'll be near.

Our lessons here accomplished and our friendships made,
To seek our goal, life's road we'll start to climb.
While using strength and knowledge you have given us,
We'll leave our footprints in the sands of time.

SENIOR SUPERLATIVES	GIRL	BOY
Nicest Smile	Joyce Usher	Teddy Pinkham
Best Disposition	Barbara Pinkham	George Wallace
Most Cooperative	Claudia Higgins	Teddy Pinkham
Slowest	Helen Wilson	Joe Rowe
Quietest	Janice Lynch	Keith Bangs
Noisiest	Peggy Roberts	Allan MacDougall
Smallest	Janice Lynch	Keith Bangs
Heaviest	Arlene Junkins	Joe Rowe
Man Hater	Janice Lynch	
Procrastinators	Peggy Roberts	Allan Townsend
Shortest	Janice Lynch	Keith Bangs
Tallest	Arlene Junkins	Alan Richards
Most Responsible	Janice Lynch	Teddy Pinkham
Sleepiest	Peggy Roberts	John Trott
Kindest	Joyce Usher	Teddy Pinkham
Wisest	Janice Lynch	Teddy Pinkham
Wittiest	Helen Wilson	Allan MacDougall
Most Likely To Succeed	Janice Lynch	Teddy Pinkham
Best Sport	Joyce Usher	Teddy Pinkham
Best Athlete	Joyce Usher	Teddy Pinkham
Best Dressed	Joyce Usher	Teddy Pinkham
Most Original	Joan Galambos	Keith Bangs
Best Dancer	Rosalind Fogg	Alan Richards
Best Looking	Joyce Usher	Teddy Pinkham
Hardest Worker	Janice Lynch	Teddy Pinkham
Laziest	Rosalind Fogg	Joe Rowe
Happiest	Helen Wilson	Allan MacDougall
Best Singer	Claudia Higgins	Robert Gerrish

AN APPLE FOR ADAM
CAST OF CHARACTERS

RADIO ANNOUNCER.(back stage) ..JOHN TROTT

FRANK ADAMS.....GEORGE WALLACE
A businessman who rules his business with a hand of iron but is like putty in the hands of his wife.

RUTH ADAMS.....CLAUDIA HIGGINS
His wife, who has given up the early part of her married life to raising her family and now desires excitement.

NADINE.....JOYCE USHER
Their oldest daughter, a pretty girl who is used to having her own way.

PATSY.....HELEN WILSON
Their youngest daughter, a bright girl with plenty of commonsense.

SANDY.....ALLAN MACDOUGALL
The son, full of vim and vitality.

ALBERTA ADAMS.....JANICE LYNCH
Frank's sister, a gentle spinster.

SISSY DAVIS.....ROSALIND FOGG
The cook, a negress with set ideas.

ELIZABETH HUDSON.....MARGARET ROBERTS
She is a voluble matron of the joiner type who belongs to everything.

DALE STARK.....ROBERT GERRISH
Nadine's suitor, a likable fellow.

PROFESSOR HANCOCK.....ALLAN TOWNSEND
A wistful admirer of Alberta's.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

The entire action of the play takes place in the living room of a substantial home, in the residential section of a Mid-western city. The time is the present.

DIRECTOR.....Mr. Mezoian

ASSISTANT.....Mrs. Stonier
PROMPTERS....Alan Richards, Joan Galambos

A CERTAIN MONDAY IN BUXTON

A.M.

2:00 Joyce dreams of Wayne

4:00 Mr. Mezoian leaves for the bakery.

5:30 Mr. Philbrick turns off the alarm and takes a cat nap!

8:15 Bell rings! School starts!

8:30 Seniors finally make it to English.

8:45 Mrs. Elwell pulls a surprise quiz in Latin.

10:00 Tired typists try to type.

11:30 Saved by the Bell!

11:30½ Stampede! All Floors!

P.M.

1:30 Seniors scheming how to avoid Problems Class.

2:00 It's nap time for Johnny.

2:15 Zero hour.

2:20 Basketball practice

3:30 "What a relief, that's over!"

4:00 Mr. Johnson feeds his chickens.

4:30
6:30 Everyone home eating--BOYS?

7:00 Mrs. Stonier starts supper.

7:15 Rose and Peggy take off.

7:30 Helen takes "time off" for Jerry.

8:00 The "Wolves" are out! Heed the warning!

8:30 Everyone heads for "FAT'S"

10:30 Time to go home!!

11:59 Freshmen turn out TV.

12:15 A few late daters come home.

12:30 Everyone in bed and asleep.

1:00 Mr. Stonier snores and turns over.

1:30 Mr. Mezoian finally decides to go to bed.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SENIORS' SONG

C'est La Vie	A. MacDougall
Secret Love	G. Wallace
Teach Me Tonight	A. Richards
My Blue Heaven	T. Pinkham
Are You Satisfied????	R. Fogg
Love Me or Leave Me	M. Roberts
A Woman In Love	J. Usher
Johnson Rag	H. Wilson
Dance With Me Henry	C. Higgins
If	A. Townsend
Sixteen Ton	J. Rowe
I'll Get By	J. Trott
Heart	A. Junkins
Slowly	K. Bangs
Daddy-O	R. Gerrish
Sincerely	J. Lynch
Dream	B. Pinkham
Five Foot Two	Mr. Mezoian

SENIORS' FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Hello!	A. MacDougall
Nope!	G. Wallace
Oh! Shut Up!	A. Richards
T'aint Neither!	T. Pinkham
You Don't Say!	R. Fogg
That's Mine!	M. Roberts
Oh Shoot!	J. Usher
Why?	H. Wilson
Golly!	C. Higgins
Oh!	A. Townsend
I Guess So!	J. Rowe
Alright!	J. Trott
Hogdraws!	A. Junkins
I Don't Know	K. Bangs
You Wanta Bet!	R. Gerrish
My Dear!	J. Lynch
Honest!	B. Pinkham
Ah! Ah!	Mr. Mezoian

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A JUDGE'S DEFINITION OF AN ACCIDENT AFTER HEARING BOTH DRIVERS' STORIES: A head-on collision between two stationary cars parked on their own sides of the road.

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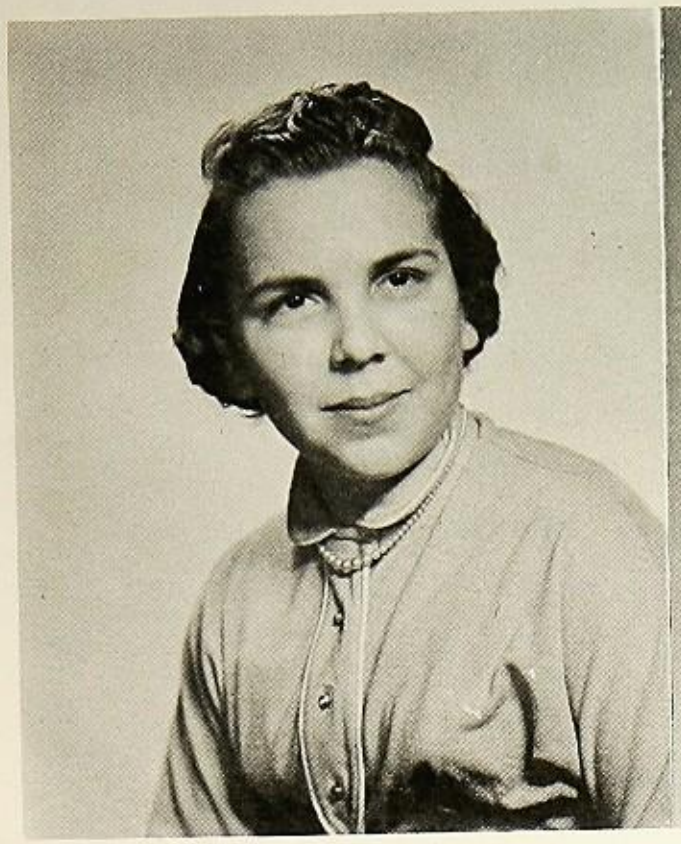
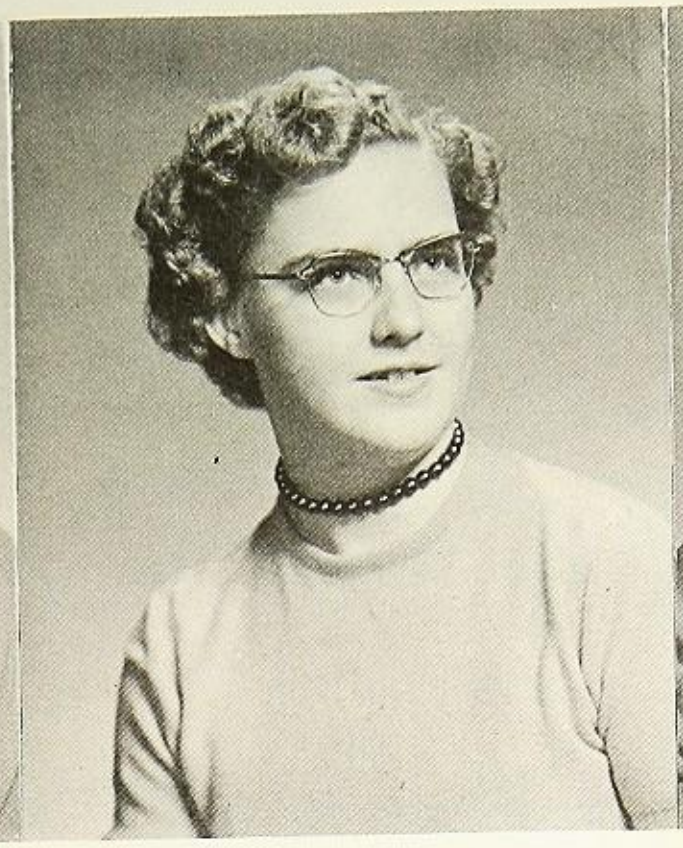


JANICE M. LYNCH — College

Salutatorian

"Ready and willing to do her share."

Glee Club 2; One-Act Play 2; School Concert 2; Crescent 2, 3, 4; "Bulldog" 2, 3; Prize Speaking 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; State Music Festival 3; Delegate, Dirigo Girls' State 3; Vice President, Latin Club 3; Class Treasurer 3, 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; President, Latin Club 4; Senior Play 4; D. A. R. Candidate 4.

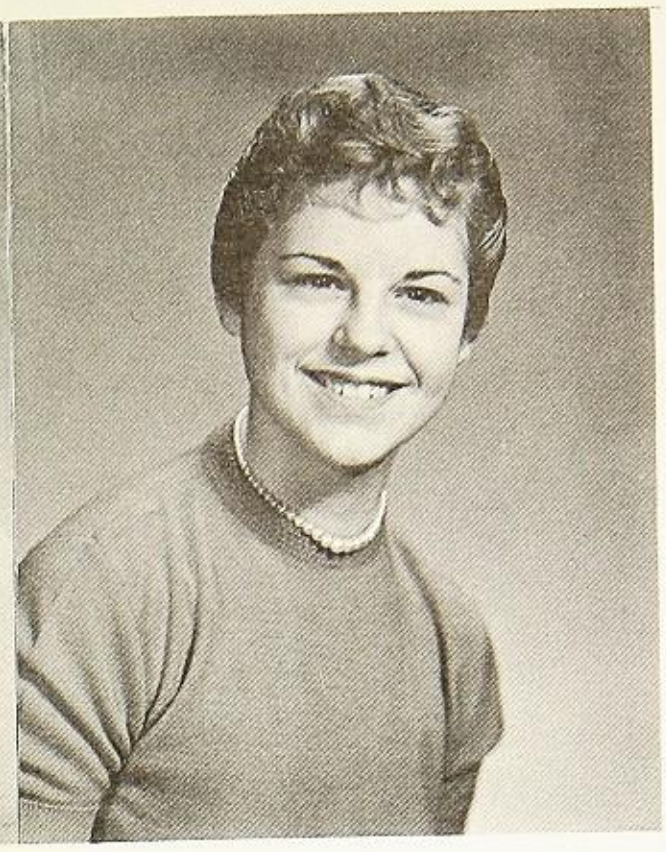


CLAUDIA W. HIGGINS — Commercial

Valedictorian

"Obliging and cheerful, industrious and kind."

Glee Club 1, 2; Operetta 1; Prize Speaking 1; One-Act Play 2; Cheerleading 1, 3; State Music Festival 2, 3; Crescent 1, 3, 4; Secretary, Class 2, 3, 4; School Concert 1, 2; "Bulldog" 2, 3; Orchestra 2; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; School Pianist 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Basketball Manager 4; Assistant Business Manager Magazine 4; Usherette, Graduation 3.



JOYCE L. USHER — Commercial

First Honor Essay

"A good mind possesses a kingdom."

Glee Club 1, 2; Operetta 1; Vice President 1; Treasurer 2; One-Act Play 2; Concert 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Varsity 2, 3, 4; "Bulldog" 2, 3; Librarian 3; Assistant Business Manager 3, Business Manager, Crescent 4; Usherette, Graduation 3; Swimming 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Play 4; Student Council Convention 3, 4.

HELEN J. WILSON — Commercial

Fifth Ranking Senior

"A little nonsense now and then."

Basketball 1, 4; Softball 1, Manager 2; Operetta 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Concert 1, 2; One-Act Plays 2; Student Council 2; "Bulldog" 2, Editor 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Usherette 3; Varsity 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Crescent 3, 4.

GEORGE C. WALLACE — Agriculture

Sixth Ranking Senior

"The force of his own merit, makes his way."

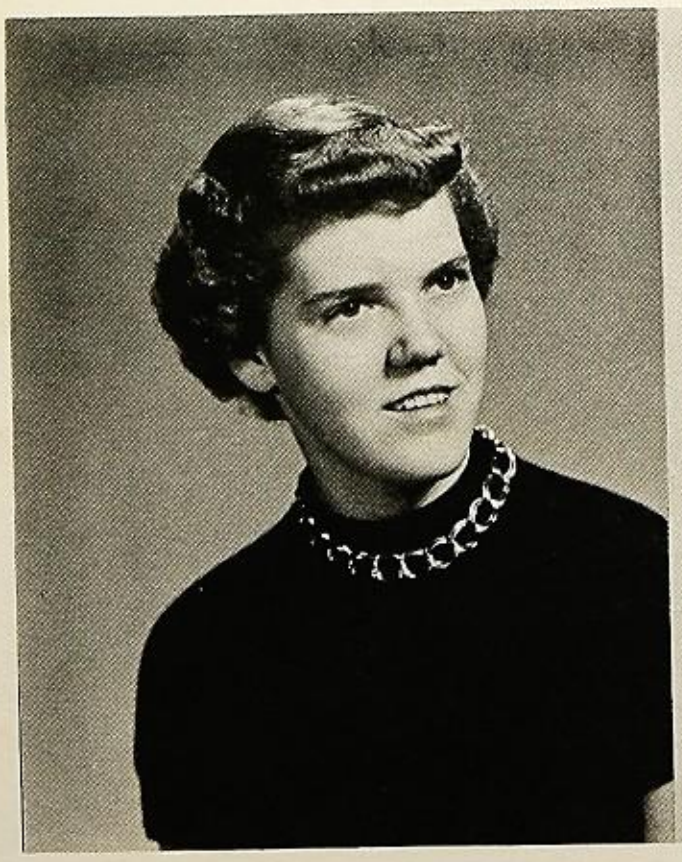
F. F. A. 1, 2, 4, Secretary 4; One-Act Play 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; Delegate, Dirigo Boys' State 3; Senior Play 4.

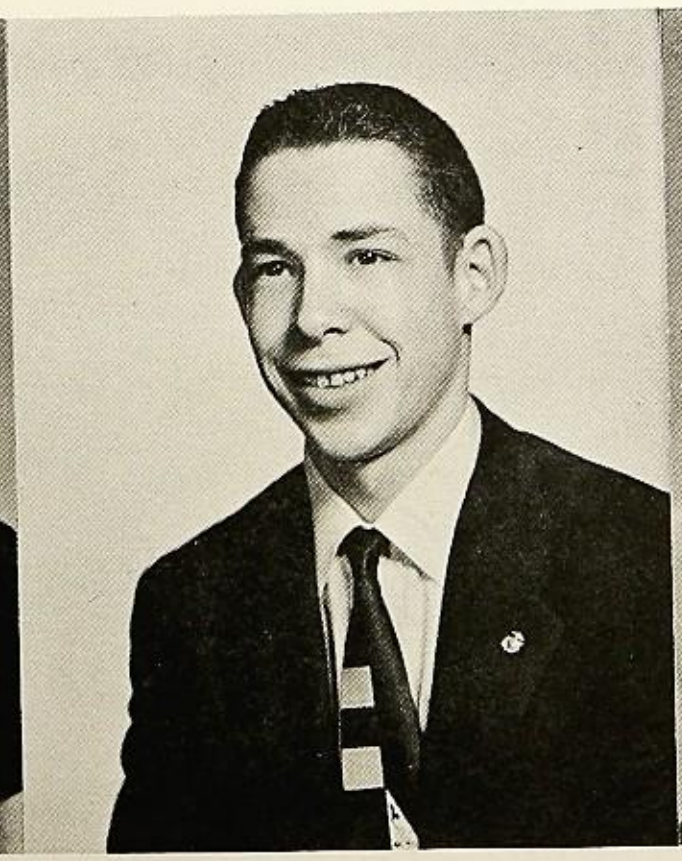
ROSALIND M. FOGG — Commercial

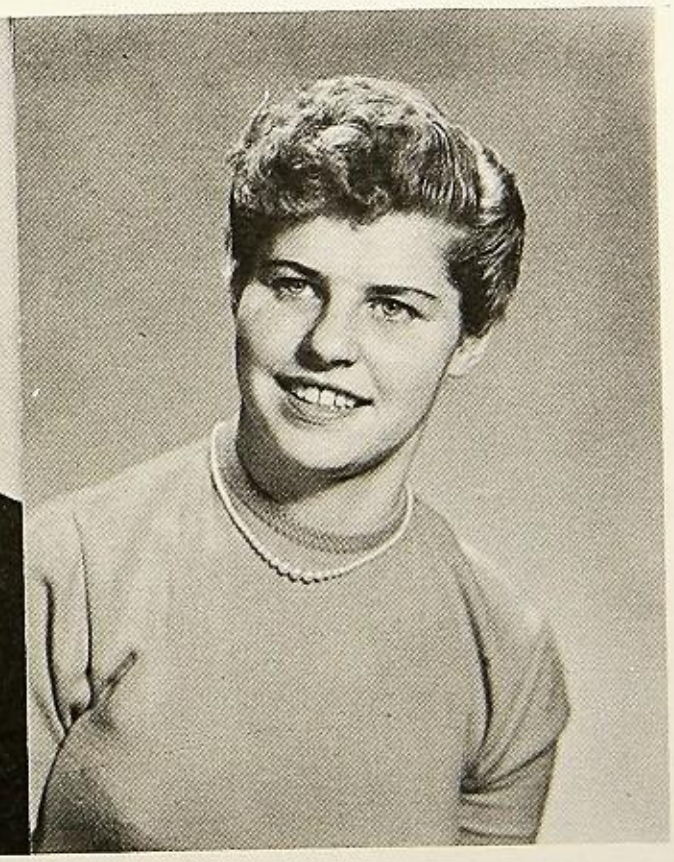
Second Honor Essay

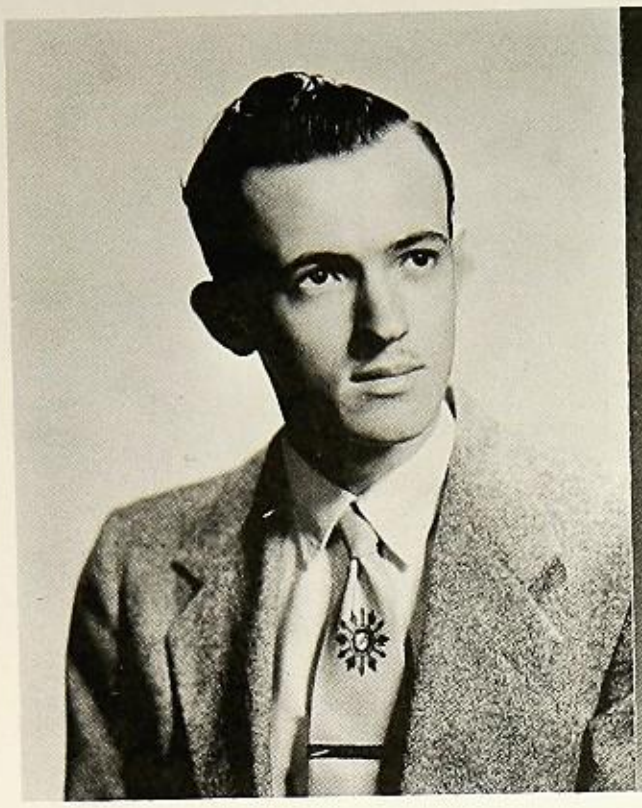
"Be happy while you're living,
For you're a long time dead."

Glee Club 1, 2; Operetta 1; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; Convention 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Softball 1, 2; Concert 1, 2; One-Act Play 2; "Bulldog" 2, 3; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Usherette 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Play 4; Crescent Staff 4.









KEITH L. BANGS — General

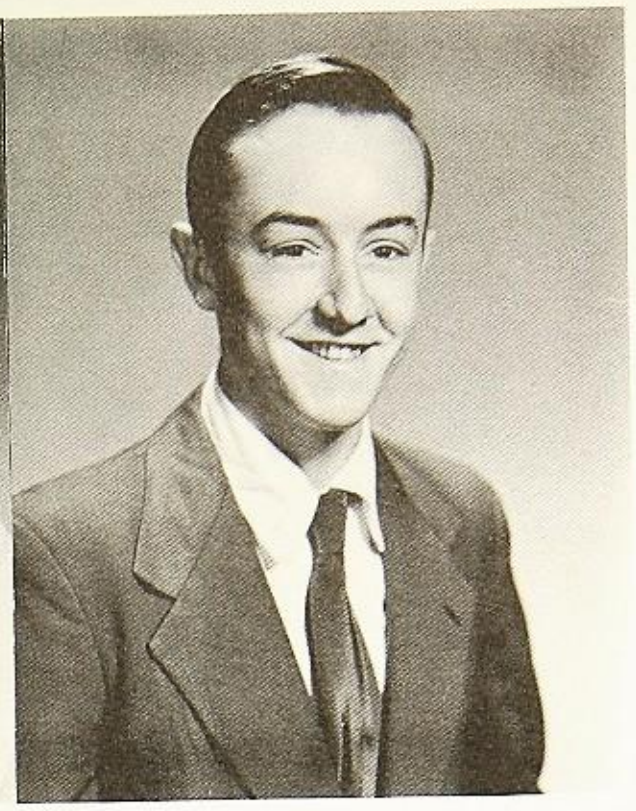
"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

G. H. S.—Chorus 1, 2, 3; Operetta 2; Madrigal 2; Music Festival 2, 3; Vice President 1; Baseball 2; Cadets 3; B. H. S.—Senior Year.

ARLENE E. JUNKINS — General

"Calmness is the master of any situation."

Basketball 1, 3; Softball 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; One-Act Plays 2; Operetta 1; Librarian 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; "Bulldog" 2, 3.



ROBERT A. GERRISH — Agriculture

"Always fond of fun and laughter,
Pleasure first and business after."

Glee Club 1, 2; Operetta 1; F. F. A. 2, 3, 4; One-Act Play 2; "Bulldog" 3; Senior Play 4.

ALAN A. RICHARDS — Agriculture

"Never go looking for trouble it will find you soon enough."

F. F. A. 1; One-Act Play 2; Student Council 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Concert 1, 2; Junior Prom Committee 3.

JOAN GALAMBOS — College

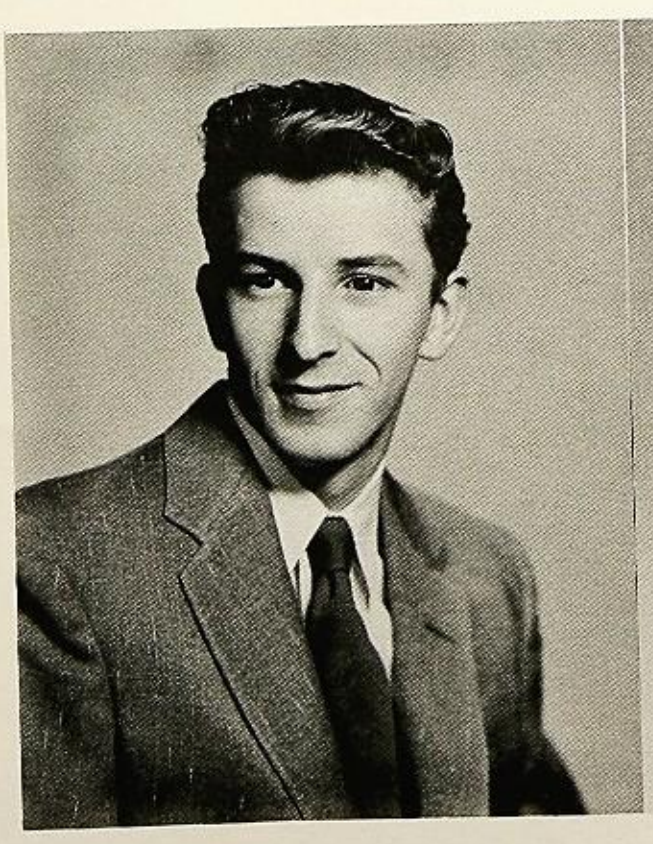
"Good sense and good nature are never separated."

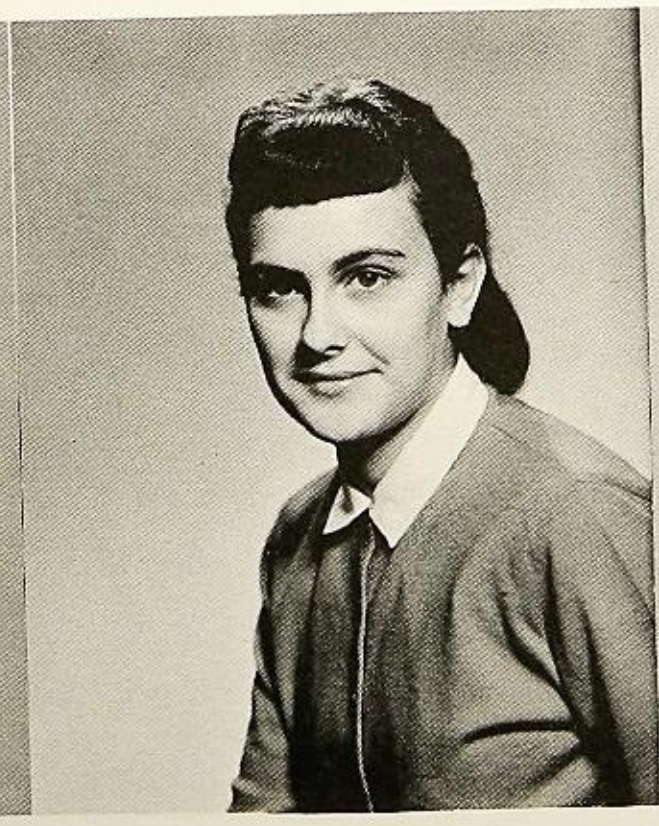
Class President 2, 3, 4; One-Act Play 2; Music Festival 2; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Latin-French Club 3, 4, President 3; Crescent Staff 3, 4; "Bulldog" 2, 3, Editor 2; Basketball Manager 3; Prompter Senior Play 4.

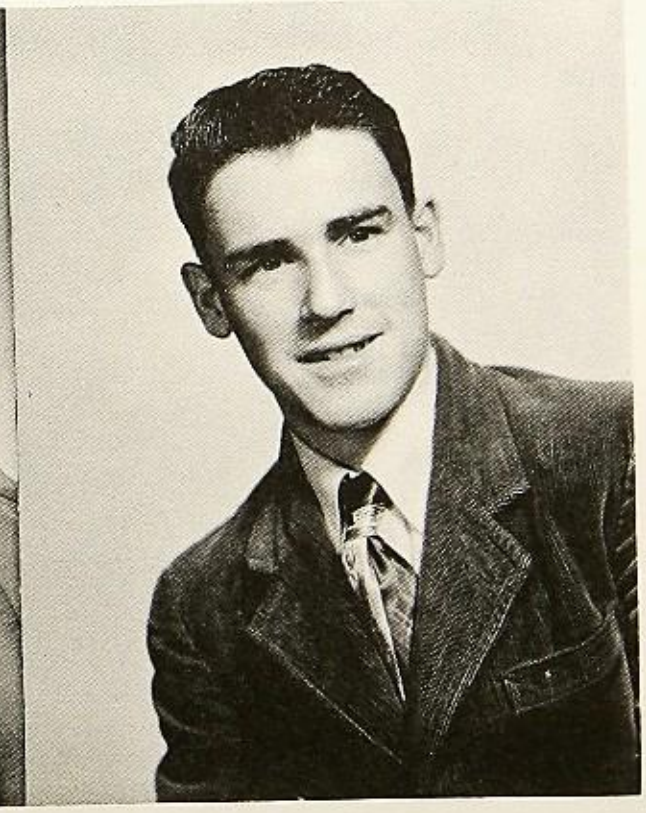
WILLIAM A. MacDOUGALL — Agriculture

"Wit and Wisdom are born wth a man."

F. F. A. 4; One-Act Play 2; Senior Play 4.



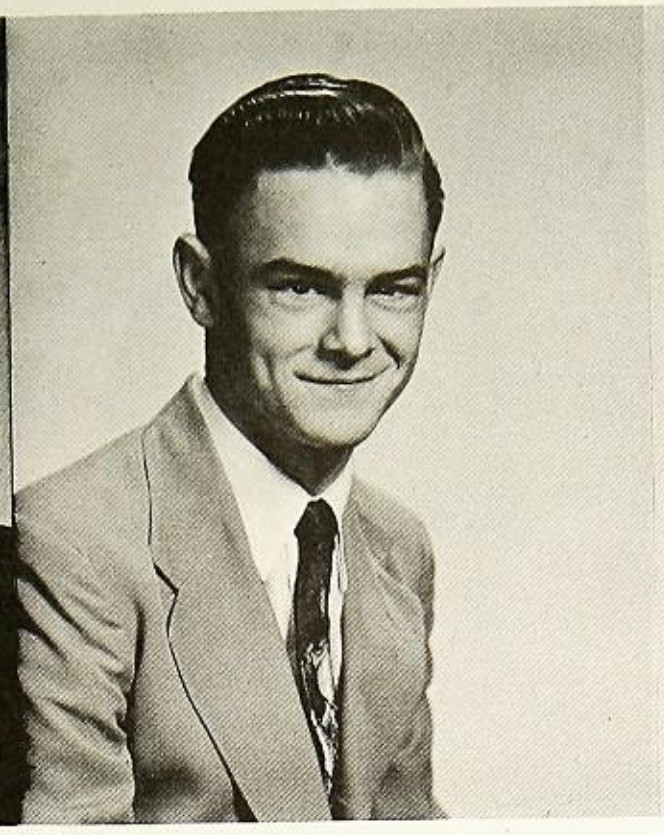




MARGARET J. ROBERTS — Commercial

"Good company makes time fly."

Prize Speaking 1; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1; Concert 1, 2; Softball 2; Cheerleading 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2; "Bulldog" 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Play 4; Crescent 4; Swimming 4.



THEODORE C. PINKHAM — General

"There is only one proof of ability—action."

Class President 1; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; High Salesman, Magazine 1, 2, 3; One-Act Play 2; 1955 Marshal; "Bulldog" 2, 3; Student Council, Vice President 4; Swimming 4.

BARBARA E. PINKHAM — Commercial

"Modest yet with a merry heart."

Glee Club 1, 2; Operetta 1; One-Act Plays 2; Softball 1, 2; Concert 1, 2; Student Council 3; "Bulldog" 2, 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Crescent 4.

JOSEPH E. ROWE — Agriculture

"There are many handsome men, but I'm a novelty."

Vice President 2; One-Act Play 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; "Bulldog" 3.

ALLAN T. TOWNSEND — Commercial

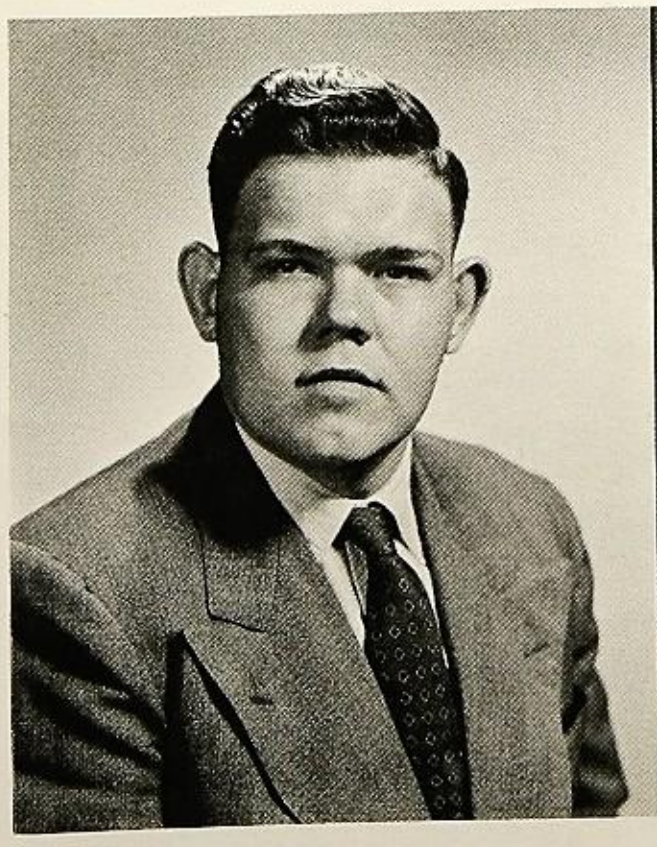
"Beware the fury of a patient man."

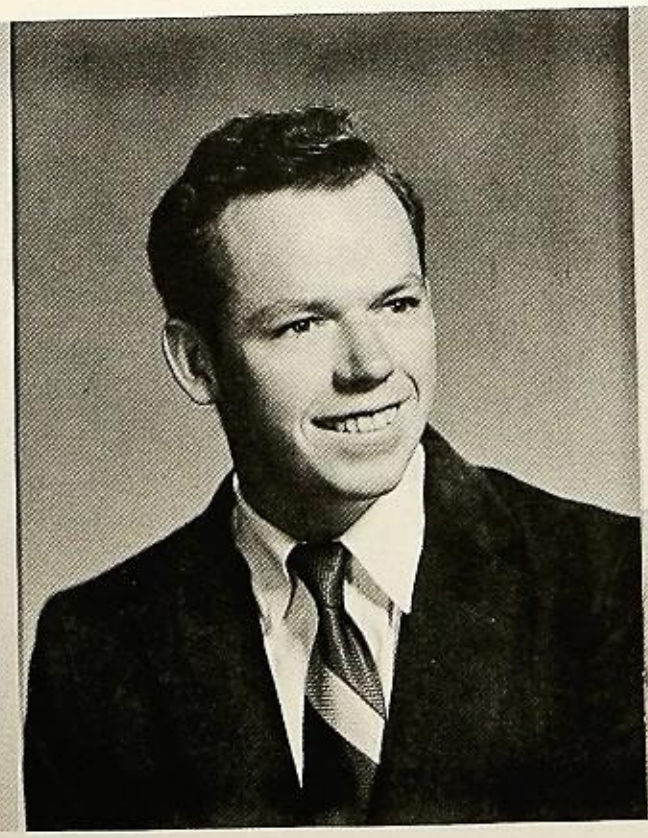
F. F. A. 1; Operetta 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Concert 1, 2; One-Act Play 2; "Bulldog" 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Play 4; Basketball Manager 4; Crescent 4.

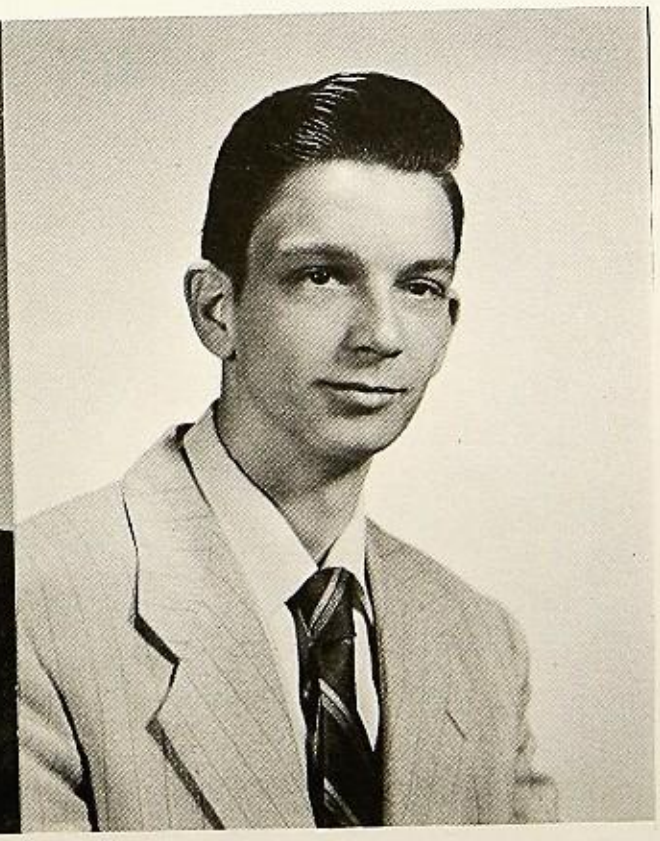
JOHN L. TROTT — Agriculture

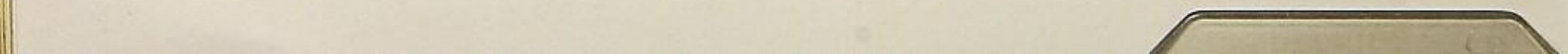
"Good words are worth much and cost little."

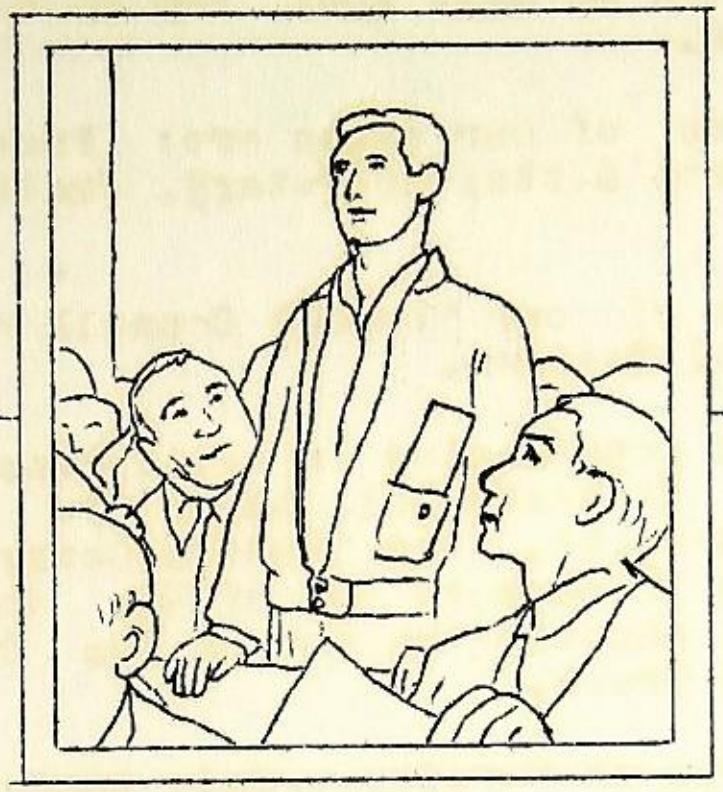
Glee Club 1, 2; Operetta 1; Concert 1, 2; F. F. A. 1, 3; One-Act Plays 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; "Bulldog" 3; Senior Play 4.











FREEDOM OF SPEECH JOEL EASTMAN '57

"The voice of the people is the voice of God."

Freedom of Speech is one of the most blessed privileges granted by our government to its people. It was given to us by the great statesmen of our early American colonization period. Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and John Hancock, all these years, have been synonomous of honesty, integrity, and freedom of expression.

Freedom of Speech develops initiative and responsibility of the individual citizen, and makes for a true democracy. Debates and discussions produced freedom of thought and oral expression, which in turn were directly responsible for the framing of our Constitution, a document which has been a light to guide us for nearly two hundred years.

JUNIORS

JUNIOR NOTES JUDY GOODSON '57

We began our third year at Buxton High with one new member Donald Ingalls from Bridgton making an enrollment of thirty-three. Since that time we have lost two members, Estelle Reynolds and Richard Emmons.

The officers of our class are: President, Joel Eastman; Vice-President, Carol Betts; Secretary, Judith Cressey; Treasurer, Ruth Eaton.

The members of our Student Council are: Gloria Wilson, George Davis, and Joel Eastman.

We are well represented in activities. Four of our members are cheerleaders. In basketball there are two boys who made the Varsity, Stuart Gannett, and Richard Berry, who won the B.H.S. Foul Shooting with 38 baskets out of 50, and then came up 8th in the State Contest, shooting 44 out of 50. Our substitutes are George Davis and John Green.

We have girls on Varsity---Judy Goodson, and Ruth Eaton who is Co-captain and high scorer and catches many rebounds for us. Carol Betts and Josie Woods are always faithful in practice and have played in many games.

Joel Eastman's trumpet and Donnie Libby's drums are the main stay in our school band.

Early in September we had a most successful Freshman Reception. It was a fashion show where the freshmen paraded on stage and modeled their costumes which were original and unique.

After the reception everyone enjoyed the dance, which brought $68 to our class treasury.

CLASS POEM JOSIE WOODS '57

The Junior Class to me is dear;
For they are my classmates through the year.
Thirty-three we have in all;
With Mrs. Elwell right on the ball.

We may be thought the worst class yet;
But as to that I'll make a bet.
That other pupils are raising cain;
In any other school in Maine.

We must admit we all aren't smart;
But we are willing to do our part.
To help make this a better school;
From living each day by the Golden Rule.

A New York psychiatrist ran into one of his patients at a restaurant. "Doctor," the woman said introducing her spouse, "this is my husband--one of the men I've been telling you about."

JUNIOR CLASS

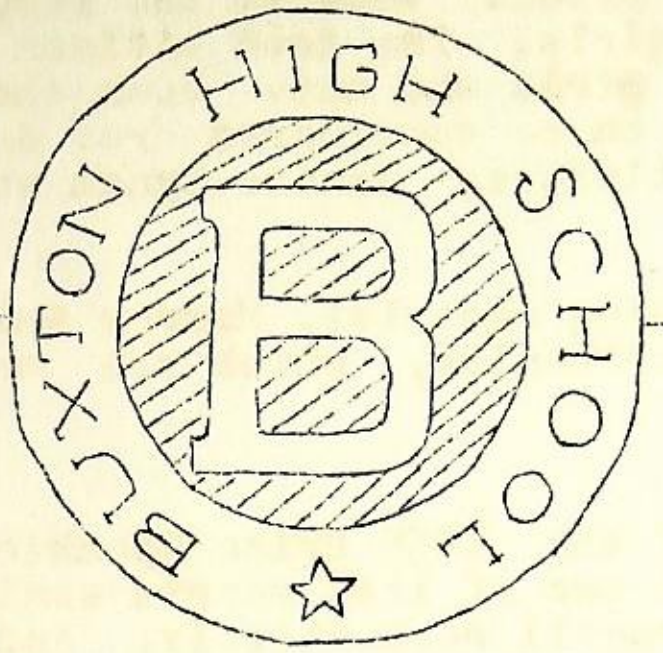
Seated, Left to Right: N. Brume, J. Wood, C. Betts, J. Eastman, R. Eaton, J. Cressey, M. Brackett, B. Saindon.

Second Row, Left to Right: N. Stewart, C. Green, W. Gillette, R. Carll, B. Campbell, C. Bradbury, A. Junkins, V. Waterman, G. Davis, W. Cram, S. Gannett, Advisor, Mrs. Elwell.

Third Row, Left to Right: D. Dodge, P. Straw, D. Ingalls, B. Emery, R. Berry, J. Pease, D. Libby, J. Green, J. Merrill, G. Wilson, J. Goodson.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Left to Right: Vice President, C. Betts; Secretary, J. Cressey; Treasurer, R. Eaton; President, J. Eastman.



Others have always looked upon a person who has received an honor of some kind with an eye of esteem and a twinge of envy. The seeking of honors always creates a wide field of competition. And competition is what makes the world go round. It invites each individual to be at his best and to use his ability the best he knows how.

Honors will be, as they have always been, the spark that keeps everyone interested in doing his best. Honors are rewarding in themselves even if the prize is not tangible. As Cicero said, "For my services I ask not rewards, but everlasting memory."

HONORS

HONOR PAGE

D.A.R.

It was a difficult task to select our D.A.R. candidate this year. It took a second vote of the faculty to split a tie-vote between the two girls. The good citizen is chosen by the faculty from five senior girls who have been chosen by their classmates. The basic traits to be considered are: dependability, cooperation, and community activites. Janice Lynch was the final decision.

ESSAY

Our prize-winning essayist, Murray Smith, won five dollars for his essay on Americanism, which you may read on the following pages.

PRIZE SPEAKING

The winners of the 1955 Prize Speaking Contest for first and third prizes were two of last year's seniors, Jacqueline Staires and Juanita MacDougall respectively, and second prize was won by Janice Lynch.

TODAY'S HOMEMAKER

The Betty Crocker Homemaker of Tomorrow in Buxton High School is Arlene Emily Junkins.

She received the highest score in a written examination which tested the homemaking knowledge and attitudes of senior girls in the graduating class. She was entered in competition to name this state's candidate for the title of All-American Homemaker of Tomorrow and was considered for the runnerup award in the state. She has received a golden award pin designed by Trifari. "Congratulations, Arlene."

MUSIC

The Western Maine Music Festival of 1956 was held at Paris. Our representatives from Buxton were Gloria Wilson and Nancy Brume.

Mr. Young has assisted us on several occasions by having the band play at basketball games. We've heard pleasing compliments on the same. We are proud of our B.H.S. band. Our orchestra, "The Buxtonaires," are gaining in popularity and they may go places someday.

MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

Wayne Kimball, a newcomer in this field, was our high salesman in the magazine campaign this year. Wayne and the next four high salesmen, Teddy Pinkham, Claudia Higgins, Carol Betts, and George Davis were taken to the humorous movie, "Forever Darling," at the Strand Theater in Portland.

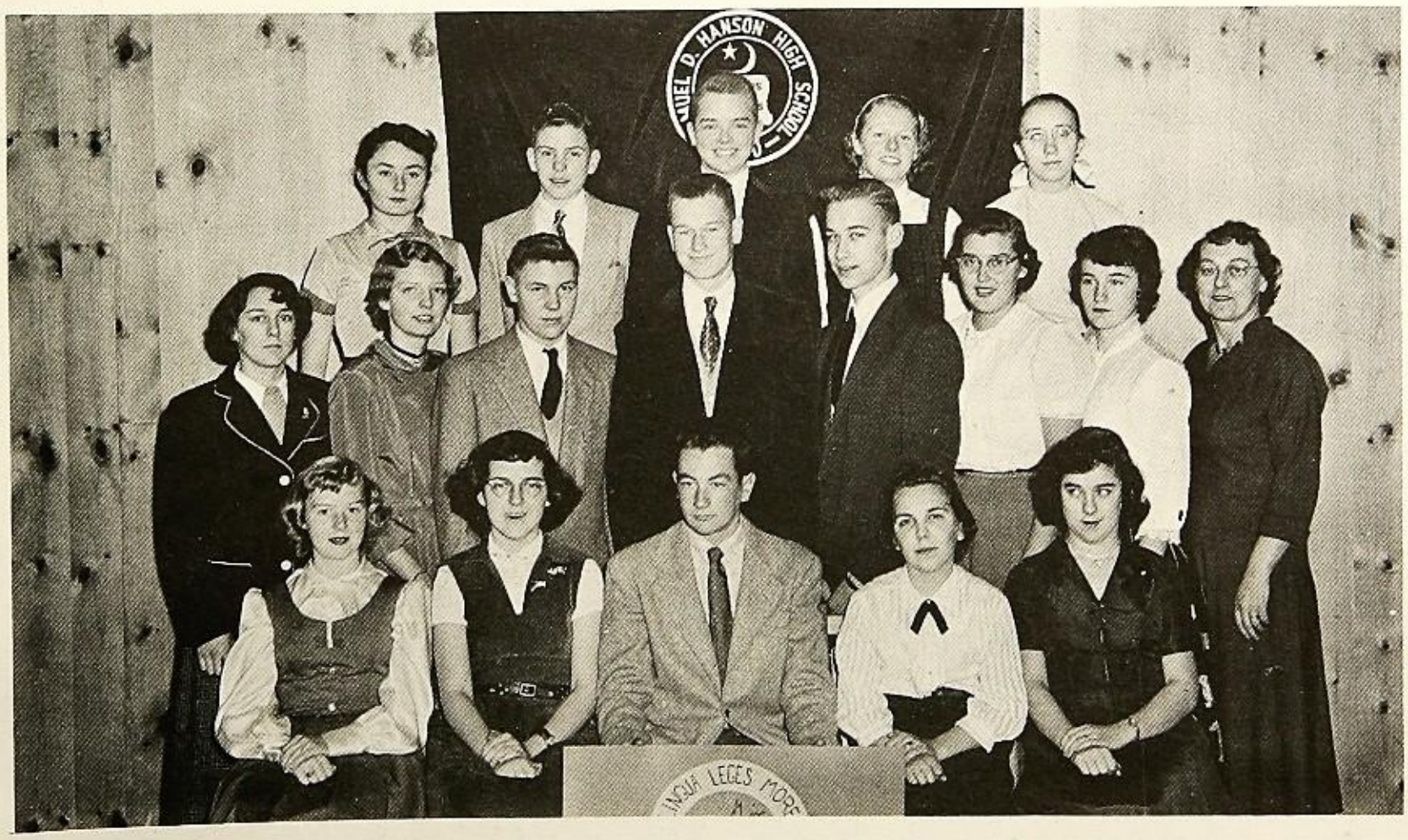
FOUL SHOOTING

This event was held in the gym with Helen Wilson and Richard Berry emerging from the teams as winners of the B.H.S. foul shooting contest and each received an individual trophy with the correct inscription.

HONOR GROUP

Seated, Left to Right: J. Lynch, A. Junkins.
Second Row, Left to Right: G. Wilson, M. Smith, W. Kimball, N. Brume.

LATIN-FRENCH CLUB



Seated, Left to Right: D. Dodge, G. Wilson, J. Eastman, J. Lynch, C. Betts.
Second Row, Left to Right: B. Elwell, D. Plummer, M. Smith, N. Leavitt, R. Carll, M. Brackett, J. Garland, Mrs. Elwell.
Third Row, Left to Right: J. Ingalls, R. Mallory, R. Usher, P. Day, E. Harmon.

WINNING ESSAY FOR AMERICAN LEGION, BUXTON HIGH SCHOOL

AMERICANISM — MURRAY SMITH '58

In 1620 a little band of Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. They came to America so they could have liberty to worship God as they pleased. But they were still not free from the British government. In 1776 the Revolutionary War freed them entirely from Britian.

Ever since that time a word has appeared on our coins and is repeated again and again in our histories. It is a word that every true American should see in his imagination when he sees the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze. This word is liberty.

America is by tradition the land of hospitality. It has welcomed people and ideas from all over the world. Always from the first the American people have had a chance to use their own judgment and make their mistakes, then correct them and go ahead.

Here in an atmosphere of unhampered thought and free movement men have debated and tested, invented and adopted, rejected and adopted whatever notion or device seemed best suited to the progress of a democratic life. America is a country of hope where all sorts of different people from nearly every nation in the world get along together under the same big sky.

Some people do not know just what it means to be an American. There is more to it than just living in America. An American must love liberty. He must know how to use his hands and brains. He must honor the United States above all other countries. He must be loyal and serve his country every day.

Americanism is not the showing of reckless independence but a spirit of doing good. America has tried to stand for fair play, to do away with selfishness and to contribute generously toward the forwarding of America's ideals.

In the past we have been considered by the Old World to be a nation of "money makers" not caring for higher ideals. They have said we were selfish and only thought of the "Almighty Dollar." People in the United States longed and hoped for the day to come when Europe and the other nations would know what a big heart we have. American idealism is not a thing of the past as has been proven.

About the beginning of this century an element, likely to kill the healthy American way of living, started to clamor us for admittance into our society. It was the virus of socialism and communism. At first the intrusion was only classed as a nuisance, but later when they not only preached but attempted world revolution and launched a movement against American democracy, this nuisance became a pestilent danger.

Every American should remember that International Communism will break any promise and go to any length of treachery or deceit to undermine the vitality of our institutions and our way of living.

The United States does not want world empire. It does not want to be a master race. All these ideas are completely opposed to the American way of life. We want peace with honor. We want a peace of living. The peace of a world of free men. In our dealings with other nations we should have our rights, and keep our self-respect. America always has been, and still is, slow to take offense.

Americanism stands for freedom--freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, and freedom from fear.

Our flag means freedom and hope. It means a good neighbor not a master. It means a nation and a people who believe in man and man's future and the free world that man can make.

Everything depends upon peace. This is Americanism. We hope it will always be the American way.

THE BETTY CROCKER SEARCH FOR THE AMERICAN HOMEMAKER OF TOMORROW

WHAT IS THE SEARCH? On December 6, 1955, 256,000 senior high school girls in schools across the nation took an examination--a test of "Homemaking Knowledge and Attitudes." This program, sponsored by General Mills is designed to further the dignity and prestige of the American home and to stimulate interest in the art of homemaking.

WHAT NEXT? The examination of each school Homemaker of Tomorrow is now being graded with the examination papers of all the other school winners in her state--and a State Homemaker of Tomorrow will soon be announced. This representative girl will be awarded a $1,500 college scholarship and an expense-paid educational tour of the nation's capital, Mount Vernon, and Colonial Williamsburg, Va. Her school will receive a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

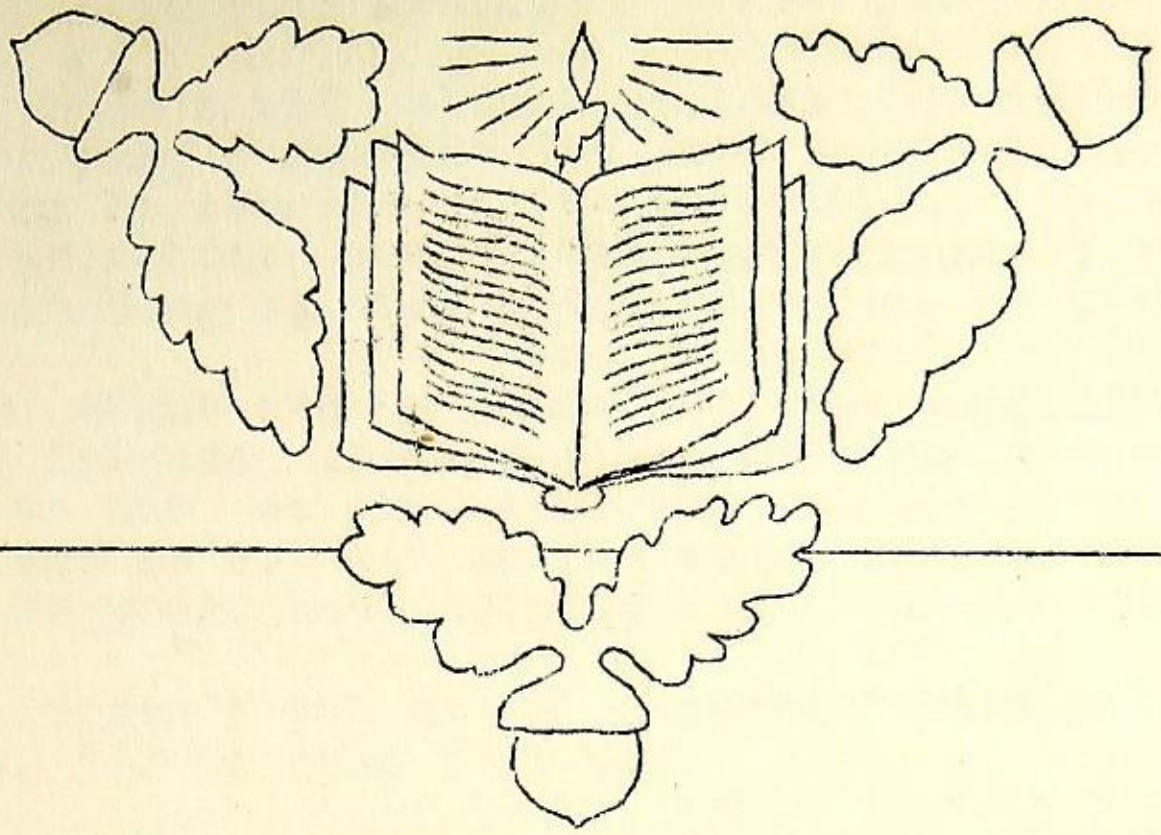
In each state, there will also be a $500 scholarship awarded to the school Betty Crocker Homemaker of Tomorrow, who is the second highest rating girl in her state.

Dear Arlene:

As the Homemaker of Tomorrow in your school you are undoubtedly receiving congratulations from all sides. May I add mine to the many others? How proudly you must be wearing your Homemaker of Tomorrow pin! You have good reason to be proud of yourself, for you have been given this award as a representative of all the girls in your class.

Because I believe so deeply that homemaking is the greatest career in the world, I feel very close to you high school seniors who will be our homemakers in the not very far-off future. Much help and encouragement is needed by many of these young women, and you can be a splendid example.

Next will be the choosing of the Homemaker of Tomorrow for your state and finally the All-American Homemaker of Tomorrow. You may achieve one or both of these awards. But you have already gone far and done much to make your family proud and happy and to win distinction for your school.



WHAT WORDS CAN DO

There's something good that we can say
  About each person whom we know.
Some kindly thought we can convey
  That lights the eye and brings a glow.

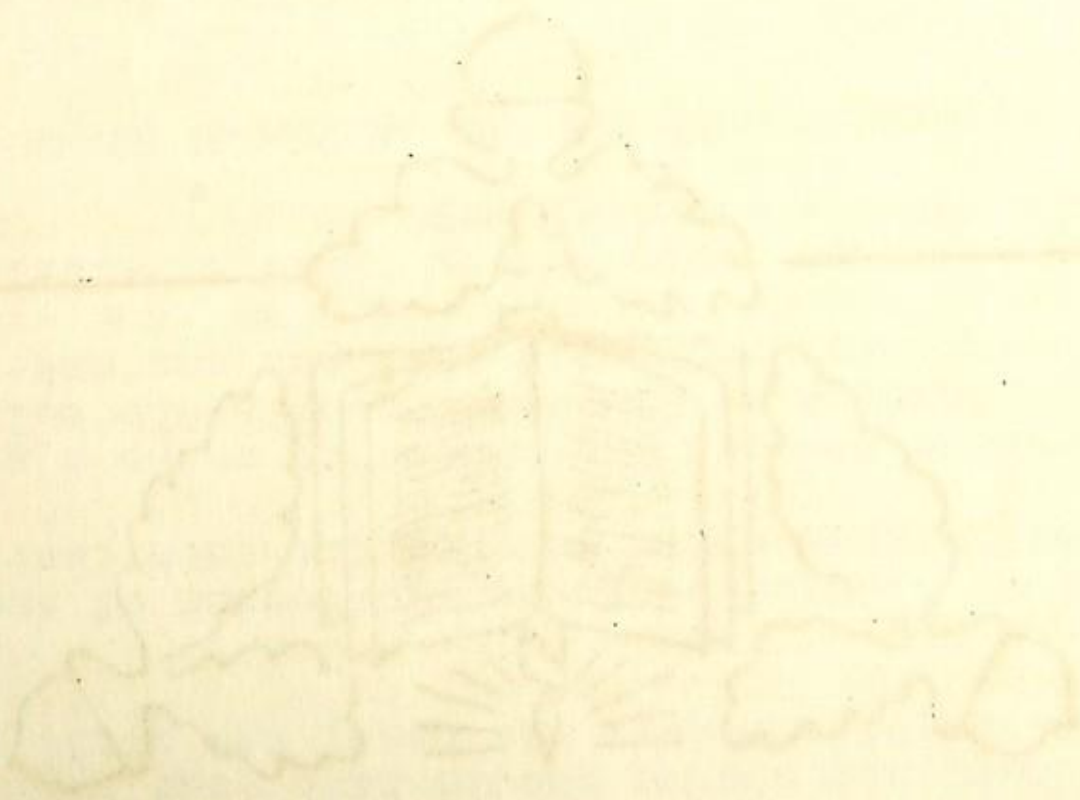
We have the power to bring some joy
  To one who finds the going rough.
Some anxious girl or troubled boy
  May find a word from us enough.

They love to hear the words that cheer,
  The words of confidence that lift
The heart and charge the atmosphere
  With happiness, life's greatest gift.

It's strange what kindly words can do
  To cure an inward hurt and shed
Some light that brings a brighter view--
  Why should we leave those words unsaid?

--Charles G. Reigner

LITERARY



WAS I SCARED? JOYCE USHER '56

When I was a Freshman in High School, I was very anxious to be part of the basketball team, as most of my friends had decided to participate in this sport.

Actually I hadn't the slightest idea of what the game was like or how to play. Mr. Stonier was our coach my first year. The first thing he taught us was to dribble. We practiced at least two or three times a week, and unfortunately the boys were always there watching as they practiced after we did.

One Tuesday night the girls' team was scheduled to play a home game. My friends, that were in the same class, Barbara and Rosalind were as new at the game as I was. We all had basketball uniforms and we all sat on the bench together just shaking for fear that we would have to play.

"I hope he doesn't put us in tonight," Barbara said. And my only reply was, "If he does I'll die."

As the game went on, our girls were not playing their best basketball. Some of the girls were fouled out, some were taken out and the coach had started to substitute.

Barbara's first reaction was, "Let's sit back so that he can't see us" and of course I agreed.

After the substitute girls had been playing for awhile the coach decided to substitute again, and this time he came right over to where Barbara and I were sitting.

"Mr. Stonier is coming over here," I said. "I know it," Barbara whispered.

The next thing I knew I was going on to the basketball floor. I remember the coach's last words as I was leaving the bench. He said, "Get in there and score."

Well of course, I didn't score as I had had no experience and I was shaking so.

Finally the coach took me out, but just the same I was pretty proud to have played. As I walked back to the bench and gave a sigh of relief, Barbara said, "Gee, you did good. Was it awful?" And with another sigh of relief I answered her, "No, it wasn't as bad as I imagined, but I was scared."

The office manager frowned at his secretary. "Miss Usher," he said, "I'm afraid your are ignoring our efficiency system."

"Maybe I am, sir," admitted the secretary, "but somebody has to get the work out."

"Well, Dad," said Robert, the young college graduate to his father, "I now have my A.B."

"Fine," replied the father dryly. "Now you have a chance to learn the rest of the alphabet."

Jokes from the Rowe Budget

ONCE IN A LIFETIME JANICE LYNCH '56

It was a sunny day in the year 1864 as I stood by the railroad station watching the trains enter and leave. I was eight years old at the time and my enthusiasm for locomotives had reached its peak. Sam, the station master, walked by and said a cheery good morning to me. He was quite used to seeing me there each Saturday and had begun to call me by my nickname, "Red".

About an hour later, Sam came out and told one of the men to make sure the track was clear as a special was due any minute. I jumped from the box I was standing on and rushed in front of the station so I would be able to see more clearly. Many others had gathered there and everyone seemed excited. What was so special about this "special" I wondered?

The train steamed down the track and came to a halt in front of the station. A small group of people left the train to breath some of our wonderful country air. In the midst of the group was a tall, lean man with a stern look of determination written on his face. He seemed to be the center of attraction as everyone was pushing to get next to him. However, they were restrained by the group which encircled the man.

Finally he looked at me and said, "Little boy, would you please get me a drink of water? I am quite thirsty."

I said I would and rushed to the water-bucket, filled a dipper, and returned to him. He drank the water and handed the dipper to me as he said, "Thank you. Now let me shake your hand before I leave because you are a fine, young American."

I stretched my hand to his and he clutched it firmly in his strong palm. I could feel his tremendous power as we shook hands.

The group then turned and boarded the train. As the train left the station, I heard Sam say, "There goes the greatest man alive, the President of the United States."

I then burst with ecstasy as I realized I had experienced the thrill of a lifetime.

* * * * * *

FALL JOANN HANA '59

The leaves are yellow and red
And the sky is a lovely blue
It makes the trees look so dead
But the green will come back to you.

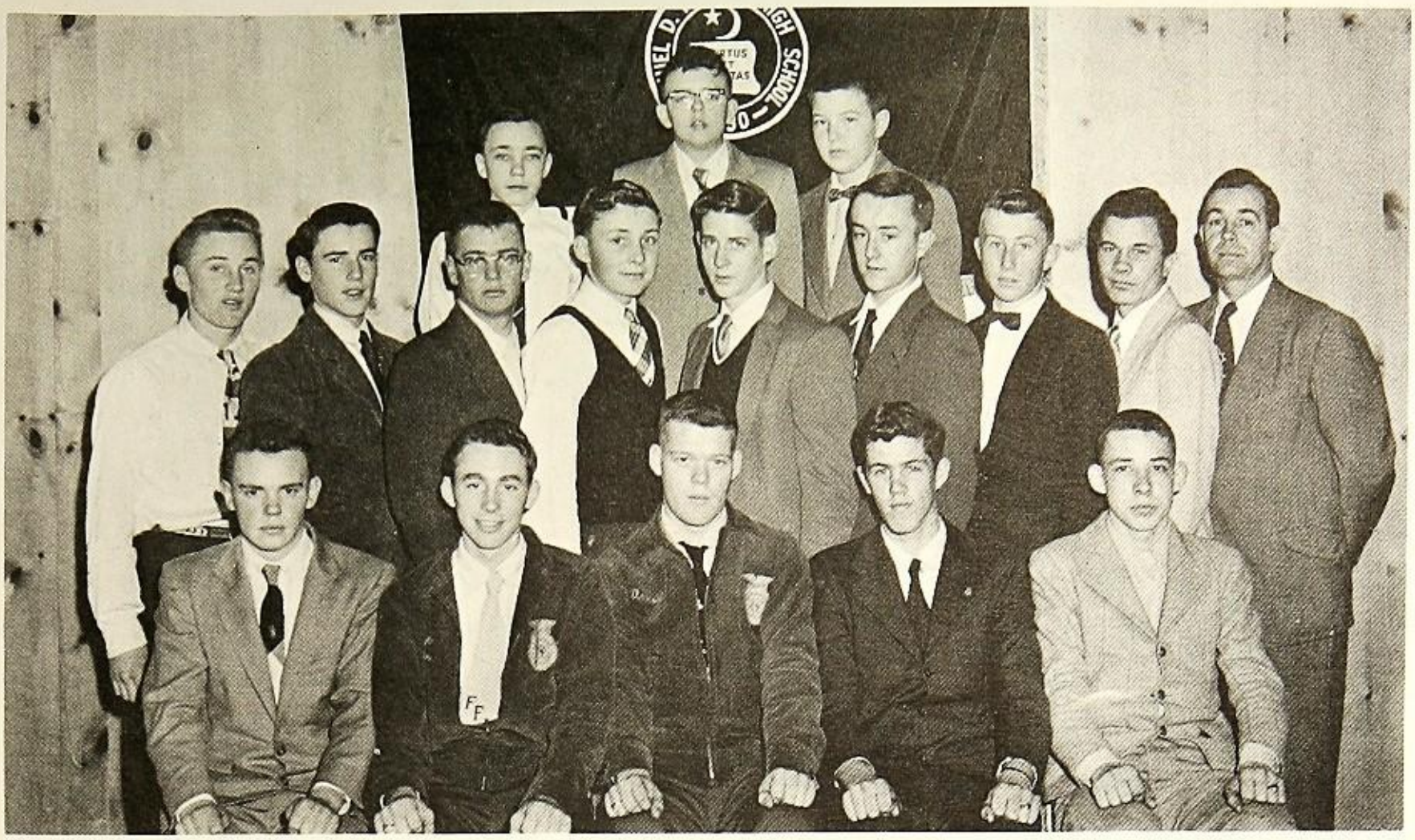
When the leaves are falling
You know winter will soon be here
And boys and girls all are calling
Christmas is very near.

SUNRISE A. BRACKETT '57

When early in the morning
As you get out of bed
You see these beautiful
colors
Such as yellow, green and
red

As the sun rises higher
These colors fade away
The birds start a-singing
Because it's another day.

F. F. A.



Seated, Left to Right: J. Merrill, W. Cram, A. Junkins, P. Tapley, G. Wallace.
Second Row, Left to Right: R. Day, A. MacDougall, B. Emery, W. Junkins, D. Libby, R. Gerrish, K. Hamilton, C. Rowe, Mr. Johnson.
Third Row, Left to Right: R. Burney, A. Gorham, E. Townsend.

SCHOOL BAND

Seated, Left to Right: D. Pinkham, C. Churchill, J. Eastman, D. Libby, B. Elwell, R. Mallory, L. Parker.
Second Row, Left to Right: F. Day, P. Barker, E. Townsend, R. Plummer, D. Reed, P. Day, J. Plummer, L. Butler.
Third Row: Mr. Young, Director.

Major Kelsey L. Kimball turned in his saddle and glanced back at the column of grey uniformed cavalry as they trotted along the muddy South Carolina road. The same spring rain which had turned the road to mud had soaked the men to the skin and their uniforms steamed in the early morning sun. Kimball turned his orders over and over in his mind. Lead a platoon of cavalry into enemy-occupied South Carolina, uncover a million-dollars worth of gold buried by the planters before they fled, and return it to the Confederate lines.

On this day, April 2, 1856, the Confederate States, ridden with inflation, were headed toward destruction. With this money the war could be carried on and maybe even won. Kemball looked at his orders once more and brought out of his deep thought by the sound of hoof-beats. He slipped the damp paper back into his uniform as a mud-spattered scout reined in his horse and threw a hasty salute in his direction. "The yanks must have spotted us, there's a whole troop of Cavalry a-headed this away at a good clip!" he drawled between breaths.

Kimball had only one choice, send Calhoun with some men to keep the yankees busy while he beat it into the swamp. "Sergeant Calhoun, take twenty men and keep those Yankees busy then follow me into the swamp," said Kimball.

As Kimball approached a large gulley, surrounded by pines, he noticed smoke. At the edge of the gulley, were at least a dozen tents and many blue coated soldiers sat around several fires cooking their breakfasts. He was half-way down the side before he gathered his wits. The rest of the platoon followed suit sending the frightened bluecoats in all directions. The last man was safely up the other side before the Yankees had gathered themselves and started shooting back.

Kimball led his men out of the woods and as they passed an old mansion a shot rang out followed by a scream as a man clutched chest and tumbled off his horse.

"Sniper!" yelled another as he whipped out his rifle. "I see him!"

Another shot rang out and a bluecoated figure dropped from a second story.

A little later he urged his mount into the swamp.

"Watch out," he yelled back, "this swamp is full of quicksand and crocodiles!"

The horses struggled through the swamp kneedeep in water, while the men dodged low-hanging branches. The silence of the swamp was broken by the yell of a man, who found that his horse was sinking in quicksand.

"Get a couple of ropes on that horse, on the double!" yelled Kimball. A couple of husky cowboys soon had the horse and rider

out of their plight onto solid ground.

As soon as they arrived at an island, in the swamp, where the gold was buried Kimball set some of the men to digging up the gold, others to starting fires, and rubbing down horses. Not long after, Calhoun rode in with seven men.

"Had a little trouble," said Calhoun, "the yanks have got troops all over the place. We'll never get out of here."

"We'll leave at sunset so we will leave the swamp undercover of darkness," replied Kimball.

As the sun went down, the gold having been uncovered and packed on the horses, Kimball led his men through the swamp. 'bout halfway out, at the terrified whinney of a horse, Kimball turned and peered through the dusky light in time to see the horse topple and throw its rider into the murkey water. The thrashing tail of a crocodile boiled up the water and the man was gone.

By the time they reached the edge of the swamp, it was pitch dark except for an occasional glimpse of the moon in the cloudy sky. Kimball led his men down the road instead of through the woods. He sent a scout ahead and hoped for the best. After traveling about a mile, Kimball heard hoofbeats of the scout returning.

"That troop of cavalry is camped on the road over the next hill." the scout said excitedly.

"We'll charge right through," replied Kimball, "draw your sidearms and follow me!"

Kimball urged his horse across the level stretch and up the hill, putting on more speed as he reached the top, and all the time bearing down on the union camp.

The sight of sixty-five, sword swinging, rebels panicked most of the union soldiers. A few however grabbed their rifles and started firing.

A shot knocked Kimball's hat off as he raced through the camp. He looked back long enough to see that the yankees had gotten about eight of his men.

Kimball urged the platoon on through the night. The five miles to the nearest Confederate town seemed like fifty as they thundered along with the yankees hot on their tails. Finally they arrived within the defenses of the town.

Kimball was puzzled. All the townspeople had turned out in the early mornin hours, but instead of being joyful at the success of his mission, they all wore downcast expressions.

"What happened? Why the sad faces?" asked Kimball and his tired men. "Haven't you heard," came the reply, "General Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox yesterday."

A WALK AT NIGHT

ALLAN TOWNSEND '56

One warm-summer night, I was walking home on a untarred road. The air seemed to be humid and unclean. The sky had no brightness because the stars had lost their usual twinkle. It was an uncomfortable night, and I was in a hurry to get home.

As I was thinking how boring the night was, I heard a piercing and unfamiliar howl from the dark woods. I stopped abruptly and listened. After what seemed an eternity, I heard the wild sound again. Utterly dumbfounded, I stood still; I was set on finding out what it was.

Restless from standing still, I walked slowly toward the woods, straining for any sound. Suddenly it came again! Anxiously, I started running.

Again I heard it! I stopped, completely surrounded by woods. I could see nothing except the grim figures of trees. The noise had stopped, and I, filled with anxiety, could hardly wait. Trying to keep control of my emotions, I walked toward where the noise appeared to be coming from.

Then I heard it again! I was only a few yards away and I was in no hurry to go any further. I began to think just what it could be. I could think of only two things; it was no human sound and not many animals were capable of uttering such a shriek. I now began to be curious; I just had to find out what made that noise!

In haste, I ran until I came to the place where the noise had originated; I could tell that it was from a high spot. So, I climbed the tree and found a nest. To my dismay and surprise, it contained a group of screech owls.

A DOG STORY

DOROTHY DODGE '57

I am a dog, my name is Mickey. One day in early autumn I was walking along my favorite road, past a clear blue lake. It was getting late and would soon be time for me to help bring in the cows, and my master would be cross with me if I were not there.

As I turned to retrace my footsteps I heard a faint wail that sounded like a small child in distress. Instinctively I jumped the ditch beside the road and started running toward the pond. At the edge of the lake I saw a young boy being dragged from shore. Suddenly, he disappeared. A moment later his tiny head appeared and a wail of "Mommy" escaped his lips. I dashed into the water and began swimming. As I drew near, two small hands reached out and grasped the long hair on my back. With great effort I caught the sleeve of the child's sweater in my mouth and held on tight with my teeth until my feet touched bottom and I quickly dragged the half conscious boy to the beach.

Suddenly I was startled by footsteps. With an angry expression on his face, my master approached the beach. Upon seeing the small boy on the ground, he patted my head gently and said, "I should be angry but instead I am very happy to own such a brave dog as you."

LOG HUNTERS WILLIAM LYNCH '59

The Acme Logging company was a relatively new firm. The boss had hired two men to go looking for timber to buy. He sent them to the wooded sections. They drove along a bumpy gravel road and came to a halt in front of a dilapidated farm house. The farmer stood in the doorway smoking a pipe. "Hey, We're looking for timber to buy. Got any to sell?" said Bill to the man. "Maybe, said the farmer taking a puff on his pipe. "You could look and see what I've got if you want to." "Thanks," said Tom, Bill's partner.

They walked across an old shrub grown pasture and into the woods. "You go this way," said Tom," and I'll go that way." "OK," said Bill.

As Bill walked on and on he soon found himself lost. He yelled at the top of his voice but that didn't do any good. Soon he was so tired that he sat down on a log. About five minutes passed. Then suddenly there was a loud crashing in the bushes and out stepped a huge bear wearing a pair of brown pants and a ranger's hat. "What are you doing in our woods", Bill boomed. "Why I ought to bash your head in. Who do you think you are coming in here and cutting down our trees?" Becoming even more infuriated he picked up a club, "I'll kill you," he said, walking closer and closer to the bear.

Next thing he knew the bear was shaking him. "Wake up you lazy guy," said Tom, "I walk around all morning and you go to sleep under a shady tree. What a partner!"

MY FIRST SHAVE STUART GANNETT '57

As I looked in the mirror for my early morning review I noticed something very unfamiliar about my face. I began at once to think it was just my eyes when I noticed a thin dark mass growing around my chin, cheeks and under my nose. As I studied my face more carefully, this dark thin layer over my skin became fine black whiskers. I kept looking, hardly knowing whether to believe my eyes or not. "Ma"! I screamed, "Come in here and take a good look at me and see if you notice anything new?" As she came running she replied, "What is it, Stu? Have you finally pulled out those big buck teeth you were born with?"

"No"! I said, "Look real close and see if you notice something new about my face."

As Mom approached me more closely, she said, "I believe I do notice something new. You are beginning to get a few whiskers."

"Yipee," I yelled, "It's true," "Now I can start shaving." As I turned around to take my father's equipment off the shelf I thought to myself, this is just like going into a new world.

Johnny: "Say, you've been standing there watching me for two hours. Why don't you try fishing yourself?" (From Balance Sheet)
Oscar: "Me? Say, mister, I wouldn't have the patience."

"BUXTONAIRES"

Left to Right: C. Churchill, J. Eastman, D. Libby, C. Higgins, R. Mallory.

VARSITY CLUB

Seated, Left to Right: C. Higgins, J. Goodson, J. Usher, D. Plummer, R. Eaton, H. Wilson, M. Roberts, P. Straw, B. Elwell.
Second Row, Left to Right: R. Plummer, G. Davis, S. Gannett, A. Grant, K. Eastman, N. Leavitt, D. Clay, R. Vail, R. Carll, G. Harmon, R. Pinkham, Mr. Stonier.
Third Row, Left to Right: C. Betts, L. Gerrish, W. Kimball, T. Pinkham, J. Pease, R. Berry, D. Sawyer, A. Townsend, R. Mallory, R. Fogg.

A REBIRTH OF CULTURE AND LEARNING GERALDINE ROBERTS '58

Renaissance is a French word which means "rebirth" or a "new birth." It relates to the period between the early Middle Ages and the beginning of modern times.

It started as a "rebirth" of interest in the old Greek and Latin writers and broadened out into marvelous new activity in sculpture, painting and literature. As time went on, men thought and wrote about their own times, emotions and gave expression to their religious preferences, and appreciation of beauty through the works of great architects and artists.

The Renaissance first began in Italy because it was the scene of the glories of ancient Rome.

The rulers of some of the Italian cities became much interested in this "New Learning" which was only the old learning brought back again. Some spent large sums of money encouraging students, painters, and sculptors with their work.

As far as the Renaissance changed people's attitudes, its work was done chiefly through the new interest in literature and learning was called humanism. Humanism is writings which deal with man's nature and interests rather than with scholastic subjects.

The greatest of humanists was a Dutchman named Erasmus. He wrote a book called "The Praise of Folly," which was a discussion about the evils of his time.

Petrarch fell so in love with the books of the ancient Romans that he preferred their language for his prose works. His most famous are his charming sonnets which he wrote to Laura, in Italian.

Some would call the printing press the greatest invention of all. The Chinese were the first to make blocks which could be used in printing the same thing over and over. John Gutenburg gets the credit for inventing the printing press. Looking at a deck of cards he wondered if a block could not be made so that the same figures could be printed repeatedly instead of painting each card separately. He tried wood, leather, and iron and finally he decided that lead was the best material for his use.

In Italy the grandest achievements of the Renaissance were in the field of art. Architecture owes much to religion.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries a new style of architecture appeared, called Gothic. In the Gothic style instead of the rounded arch we have the high pointed arch. Ribs in the roof of the building transfer some of the weight of the roof to the pillars. A sort of outside support is known as the flying buttress.

Greek sculptors expressed with fine appreciation the human form and human emotions. They imitated no one, their work was

their own creation. Most of the figures in Renaissance, though they look like real persons, they did not represent real people.

Medieval men knew very little about the world in which they lived. Some did not think it was right to inquire into the ways of Nature, as if that would be questioning the work of God himself.

Modern medicine and sanitation were unheard of and not thought of. The Arabs had some knowledge of the effect of certain drugs on the human body, but many prescriptions given by physicians were utterly silly, such as mixing drinks in which the dead bodies of flies and animals were stirred.

Roger Bacon was an Englishman who studied theology at Paris and then became a friar. He tried to find out the truth about things instead of accepting the superstitions or magical explanation that often was given.

A part of the achievements of the Renaissance appeared in new material things such as the compass.

A Polish scientist, Copernicus, was bold enough to believe that Ptolemy was wrong in making the earth the center of the universe. The earth, he said, is simply a planet going around the sun.

Galileo went still further in his acquaintance with the universe. He discovered the principle of the pendulum and constructed a thermometer and a telescope.

For several reasons some Europeans were inquisitive about Asia. Trade with the Near East, the use of goods from India, and the stories of returned Crusaders helped to make them so.

Prince Henry, of the Portuguese royal family, gave freely of his time and money to promote expeditions to the south. Bartholmew Diaz sailed around the cape and it was soon named the Cape of Good Hope. Vasco da Gama sailed in the same direction, but kept north and east and reached Calicut in India.

The explorer Cabrall, sailing off to the south, was driven out of his course by the wind and reached Brazil.

The Italian, Verrazans, visited the New World for France and Cartier went up the St. Lawrence River to the present site of Montreal.

Ferdinand Magellan went farther and saw more than any who preceded him. In 1519 he started from Spain with expeditions which followed south along the coast of South America and through the strait now named after him.

It broadened man's interest in the church and gave them a desire for a greater variety in life. It gave the people a new

confidence in themselves and a courage to think and do new things.

One of the outstanding features of modern Europe is its division into a number of clearly defined national states. Each has its own governments, its own institutions, its own laws. These states did not all develop in the same way or at the same time; they are not of the same size. Some are large and some are small; but however small each has distinctive traits, which give it a marked quality.

The Renaissance gave us many things that we should appreciate very much because if it wasn't for that we probably wouldn't be as far advanced today as we are.

WHAT THE OLD TRUNK HID — DONNA REYNOLDS '59

The day seemed to be full of seasonal changes. In the later part of the afternoon I had been exploring in the attic. The big trunk looked very inviting. Of course what it contained was none of my business.

I, full of curiousity, pryed at the lock, and found the cover movable. It lifted gradually, and squeaked unbearably. I let it fall back quickly into place, relaxing for a few minutes. Then my courage returned. Again I tried the squeaking lid and it came completely up. I stood in astonishment. The sight was a ghastly horror. I could feel cold blood rushing through me. I felt like a dead Eskimo in the frozen Yukon. I thought I was going to faint but something managed to give me a helping hand. In the trunk was a corpse. The gown it was wearing told me she was a new bride.

As I stood there staring the lid fell down. I heard the lock snap into place. I knew it was locked forever.

My parents always thought the trunk was empty. In the spring it will be hauled to the dump.

I'll never tell of this incident. Even if I did, who would believe me?

A SURPRISE — JENNY CAMPBELL '59

A few weeks ago while I was at my Aunt's for vacation, we were invited out for dinner. Of course, I hadn't any idea of what was to happen after. We got dressed and were all ready to go. Aunt Sue got the car out and we left for the Weaver's. That is where we were going to have our dinner. After dinner we all sat around talking. Aunt Sue thanked Mrs. Weaver and told her that she must be going. Mrs. Weaver asked if I'd like to stay a while with her I never liked to stay with old people, but I was sure I would hurt her feelings if I said no, so I told her I would.

After a while the telephone rang. It was Aunt Sue. She said that it was alright for me to come home now. I knew then something was up. Mrs. Weaver asked if I would like to go home, and of course I did. She drove me home. When I got to the door everyone screamed "happy birthday". And I mean screamed! I received many presents. We had cake and ice cream for a treat, and the evening ended happily. It was quite an experience.

THE DESERT OF MAINE

MURRAY SMITH '58

In Freeport, Maine there is a place that attracts visitors from all over the United States. It is a desert of more than three hundred and fifty acres. A little more than fifty years ago it was a fertile farm. Now all there is is sand. A few tree tops can be seen, which shows how deep the sand is.

No one knows how or why this desert started. Scientists from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Maine, and geologists from other colleges and universities have studied it. Some say a thousand years ago a lake may have been there and dried up.

The sand is finer than seashore sand and contains much silica. It also contains iron; felspar; white, black, and brown mica; clay; decayed vegetable matter; and black, red, and yellow ocher. All of these are responsible for the brilliant colors.

There are also animals of the desert: deer, foxes, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, and woodcock.

The admission to the desert is one dollar, however, you can stay and explore as long as you desire. There is also a gift shop where you can buy souvenirs, including small bottles filled with these different colored sands.

The desert is still spreading and nobody knows when it will stop. It is a place worth visiting, this Desert of Maine.

DOWN BY THE RIVER

CARL CHURCHILL '58

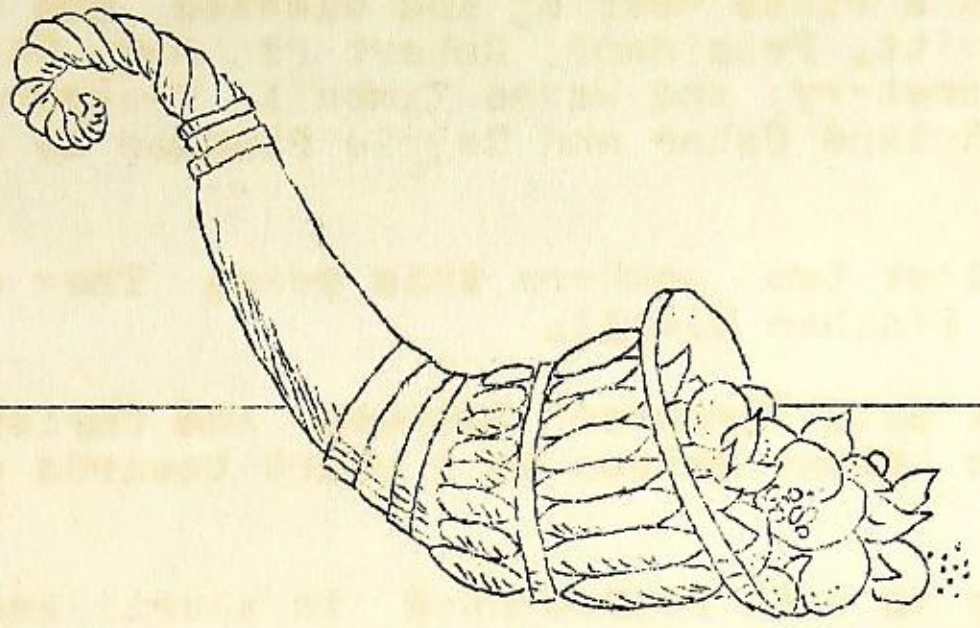
There are many interesting places, but best of all is the one down by the river. I go there often to watch the beavers at work or play. I always find it comforting to walk along the bank watching turtles or frogs. One place I like especially, is a distant house. It's a beautiful spot when the sun is shining and soft breezes are blowing. I found this spot one day when I was hiking with a friend.

The river cuts through the rocks leaving high boulders and ledges. Tall pines hover on the bank to add to the beauty. A little way down there's a steep hill. When you climb to the top, about two-hundred feet up, you see a valley off in the distance. As you look down on pines and birches, it almost takes your breath away, because it is so beautiful.

Off in the distance you can see the White Mountains. To the East you see the farms and houses of my neighbors. To the West you can see miles of forest and rolling hills. One gets the feeling of being either on top of the world, or floating on a cloud.

Now you go down in the valley and view the clean and sweet-smelling flowers. This is one spot hardly ever seen by people, and its only inhabitants are the animals and birds. As you look around, you forget all about your worries and troubles.

Truly this is a place to dream, but words cannot describe its beauty and splendor.



FREEDOM FROM WANT MURRAY SMITH '58

The Bill of Rights is the first ten amendments to the Constitution; it was written in 1789 and approved on December 15, 1791. The best known amendment is the first one. It promises the people several freedoms. On January 6, 1941 President Roosevelt set forth four freedoms. One of them is "Freedom From Want." This freedom means economic understanding which will secure to every nation a healthy peace-time life for its inhabitants everywhere in the world.

The American dream is to have a world in which human freedom will flourish, in which every man, woman, and child can live in dignity and be free from want. Schools are teaching young people the great blessings of public life, which will keep alive the sacred spirit of freedom.

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES BARBARA ELWELL '58

On September 7, the Sophomores with Mr. Johnson, our class-advisor, had a class meeting and elected the following officers: Nelson Leavitt, President; Robert Pinkham, Vice-President; Gerry Roberts, Secretary; and Wayne Kimball, Treasurer. The next week we elected Roland Usher and Reggie Plummer as our Student Council members.

We have lost two members this year. They are Gregory Randall and Barbara Pinkham Elwell.

Our class sold "iron-on" letters and Christmas wreaths and we have had two paper drives as a start towards our Washington Club Fund.

Our class is well represented in sports and other activities. Reggie Plummer, Nelson Leavitt, Robert Pinkham, Wayne Kimball, Donnie Pinkham, and Ronnie Mallory play basketball. Barbara Elwell and Jackie Boissonneau are our girl substitutes with Joan Straw and Priscilla Day as cheerleaders. Several of the boys and girls plan to participate in baseball and softball this spring. The Sophomores also have members in the Latin-French Club, Future Farmers of America, and six members in the orchestra, which is the largest number from any one class in school.

"Oh, I know a place where the sun is like gold,
Where the cherries bloom forth in the snow.
And down underneath is the lovliest nook
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope and one is for faith
And one is for love you know.
And God put another in for luck
If you search you will find where they grow.

Now you must have hope and you must have faith
You must love and be strong; and so
If you watch if you wait you will find the peace
Where the four-leafed clovers grow."

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Our class was saddened by the tragic passing of our classmate, friend, and Vice-President Robert Pinkham on Friday, March 2,1956. We will remember his sportsmanship and quiet ways for many-a-day.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

by--William Cowper

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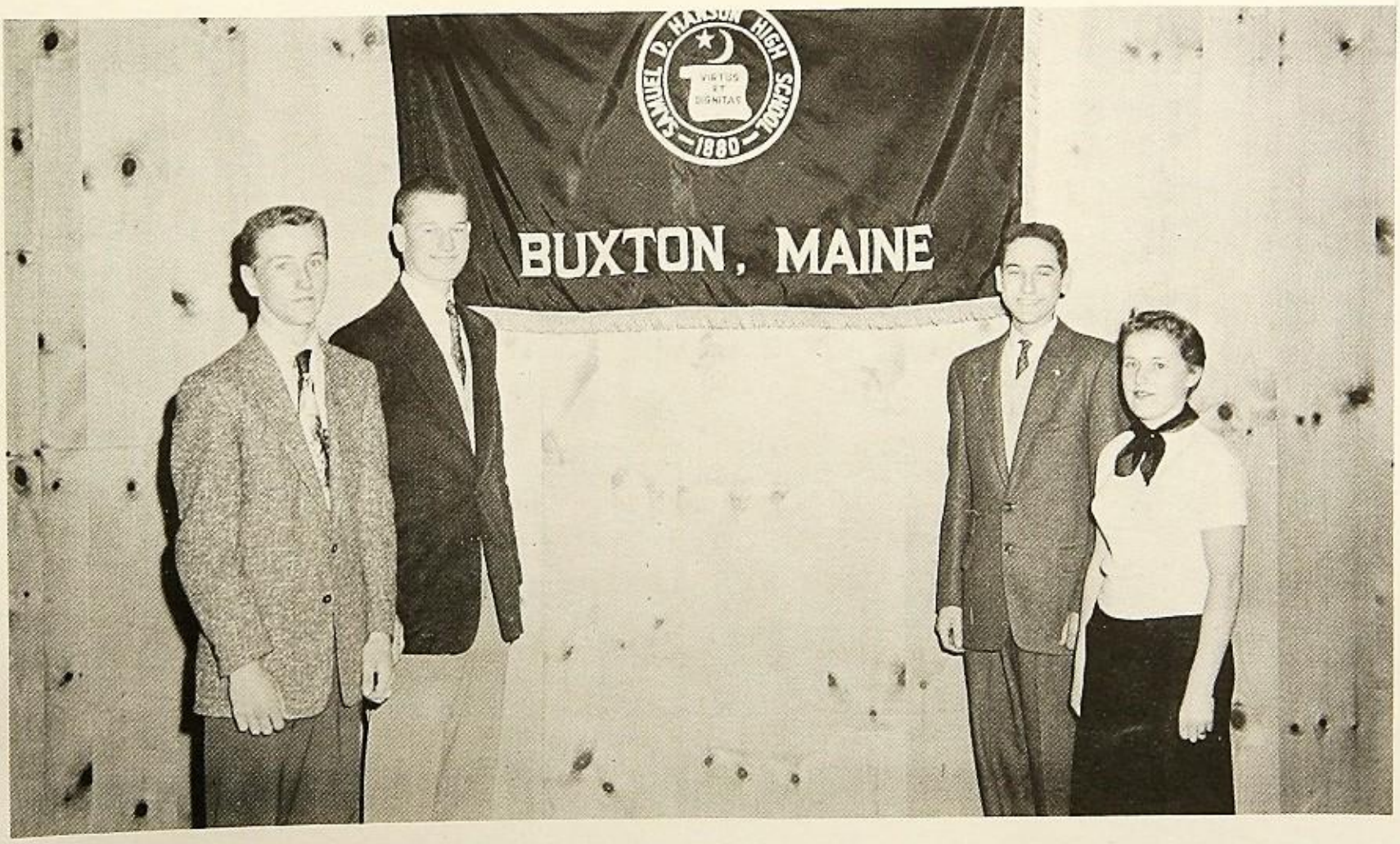
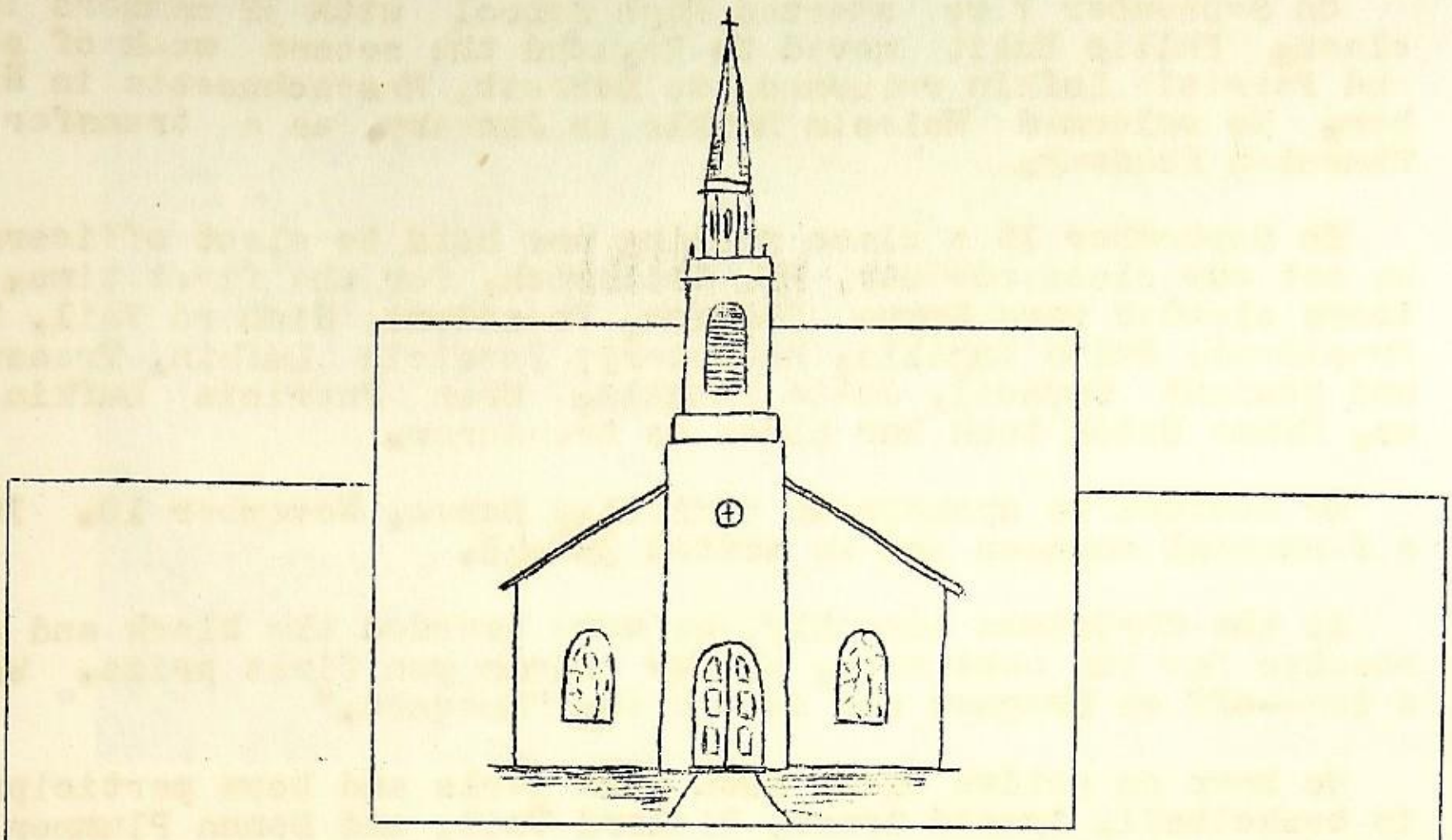
SOPHOMORE CLASS

Seated, Left to Right: E. Harmon, A. Brackett, R. Pinkham, W. Kimball, N. Leavitt, G. Roberts, M. Sellick, J. Straw.
Second Row, Left to Right: R. Usher, C. Rowe, C. Churchill, R. Plummer, P. Tapley, G. Harmon, B. Townsend, M. Smith, D. Pinkham, R. Smith, Advisor, Mr. Johnson.
Third Row, Left to Right: R. Mallory, J. Hanna, J. Boissonneau, F. Rowe, T. Lamb, B. Elwell, P. Day, M. Roberts, J. Libby, C. Smith.

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS



Left to Right: Vice President, R. Pinkham; President, N. Leavitt; Treasurer, W. Kimball; Secretary, G. Roberts.



FREEDOM OF WORSHIP — DONNA PLUMMER '59

"No one should be bound to a worship or to maintain a worship against his own consent," said Roger Williams.

Each Sunday thousands of families in the United States attend church. Not because they are commanded to go; they go because they choose to do so. This is one of our most treasured freedoms.

One of the basic reasons the Pilgrims came to this country was that they might worship God according to their own beliefs. Later, when our Constitution was drafted, freedom of worship was included in the Bill of Rights. Today in America everyone may worship God according to his own desires. This is our heritage. Let's keep our light of religious freedom ever a shining beacon.

FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN CLASS NOTES JULIE INGALLS

On September 7 we started High School with 32 members in our class. Philip Hulit moved to Raymond the second week of school and Patricia Lufkin returned to Everett, Massachusetts in November. We welcomed Malcolm Meikle in January, as a transfer from Thornton Academy.

On September 16 a class meeting was held to elect officers and we met our class advisor, Mr. Philbrick, for the first time. Officers elected were Donna Plummer, President; Richard Vail, Vice-President; Julie Ingalls, Secretary; Patricia Lufkin, Treasurer; and Student Council, Julie Ingalls. When Patricia Lufkin left us, Myrna Eaton took her place as treasurer.

We decided to sponsor an Armistice Dance, November 10. It was a financial success and we netted $58.45.

At the Christmas assembly, we were awarded the black and white rosette for the best skit, as our class won first prize. We did a take-off on Dragnet and called it, "Snagnet."

We have an active class with both girls and boys participating in basketball, Arnold Grant, Richard Vail, and Donna Plummer having made the first team. Others were members of the boys and girls swimming team.

We are represented in orchestra, track, Future Farmers of America. Donna Plummer, Julie Ingalls, Joan Garland, and Elaine Goodson are Junior Varsity cheerleaders. We also plan to participate in baseball and softball this spring.

CLASSMATES OF '59 JULIE INGALLS
DONNA PLUMMER

Donna (D) and Patty are first on my list
Once in awhile they get into a fix.
Next on my list is whom do you suppose
Of course, it's Myrna with her pert little pose.
Deany and David are our two clowns
They help make the school hours go round.
Dickie and Arnold made the varsity team.
This Freshman Class is right on the beam.
Erlon and Austin like vacations
They think these are quite a sensation.
Jenny and Joany look neat in skirts.
And boy do they make cute little flirts!
Then the two sisters Florence and Faye
They have birthdays in April and May.
Mary and Carol are usually quiet
But when they get going, they're quite a riot.
Who's the one who's full of tricks
Leon, he does it just for kicks.
Bobby and Karl are never late as a rule
They must enjoy going to school.
Last but not least are little ole we
We're the ones who made this crazy story.
This Freshman Class is pretty cool
We're proud to say we're from Buxton High School.

FRESHMAN CLASS

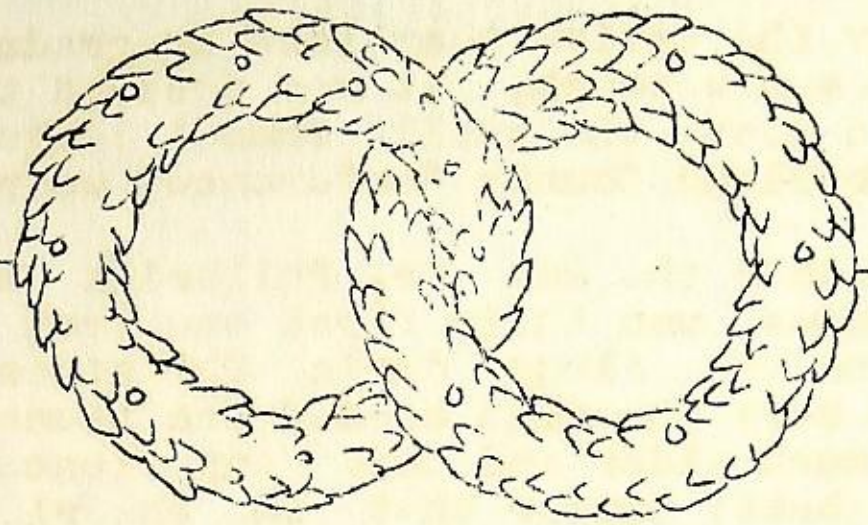
Seated, Left to Right: J. Garland, G. Reynolds, M. Eaton, R. Vail, D. Plummer, J. Ingalls, D. Dow, C. Tapley.

Second Row, Left to Right: A. Gorham, K. Hamilton, D. Sawyer, D. Redlon, A. Grant, D. Clay, K. Eastman, T. Moore, M. Meikle, W. Junkins, R. Day, Advisor, R. Philbrick.

Third Row, Left to Right: W. Lynch, E. Townsend, F. Rowe, P. Lamb, D. Reynolds, M. Harmon, J. Campbell, E. Goodson, L. Gerrish, R. Burney.

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Standing, Left to Right: Treasurer, M. Eaton; Secretary, J. Ingalls; Vice President, R. Vail; President, D. Plummer.



In Greece the olive branch was sacred to the Athenians. The winners in the Olympic Games were crowned with a simple wreath of olive leaves. Today we have wandered far from this simple tradition in the bestowing of honors to those who participate in contests. Let us return, at least in thought, to the original gesture.

"This I would claim as my success,
Not fame nor gold;
Nor the crowds' changing cheers
From day to day.
Not always wealth nor fortune's glad display
Though all of these are pleasant things to hold
But I would have my story told
By smiling friends with whom I've shared the way,
Who, smiling on me, nod their heads and say--
His heart was warm when other hearts were cold."

"The Coaches Magazine"

SPORTS

BOYS' BASKETBALL ALLAN TOWNSEND '56

The 1955-56 edition of Buxton's basketball team was not the best in history, but it had its exciting moments.

With nearly the entire team lost by graduation, and getting acquainted with a new coach, it was decided to get an early start. As we were to leave the small school league and join the classy Triple C (Cumberland County Conference) we required much practice.

The boys liked the way Mr. Philbrick made them practice and after three games won their first one from Hollis. We also took Potter here and the Alumni during Christmas vacation. This last game gave our boys the much needed confidence since they were playing against much older and more experienced boys. It must have been the Spaghetti Supper that the cheerleaders put on that got the boys to upset Greely. At this game Dick Berry really put on a show. He scored from all angles and totaled 39 points which was ten more than he scored against Windham the week before. Gannett also scored 17 against Greely for his season's high. Dick Vail, a Freshman, hit over 20 points against Limington and Hollis. Sophomore Robert Pinkham's top game was against Pennell at Gray when he scored 21. Our captain and only Senior, Teddy Pinkham, led the team in spirit and enthusiasm. He came into his own in the last home game with 13 points. John Green, George Davis, and Arnold Grant played some important relief roles.

The boys really played their hearts out at the Portland Expo only to lose another close one to the Falmouth team. Standish had taken this Falmouth team by a very small margin of points.

Our boys never lost their courage or spirit all year and, with the exception of Ted Pinkham, will all be back again next year.

THE SCHEDULE AND SCORES

Nov. 23	Buxton 34	Windham 73	Home
Nov. 29	Buxton 39	No. Berwick 44	Away
Dec. 2	Buxton 58	Greely 85	Away
Dec. 6	Buxton 62	Hollis 31	Away
Dec. 9	Buxton 33	Standish 99	Away
Dec. 13	Buxton 37	Limington 59	Home
Dec. 16	Buxton 58	Pennell 67	Home
Dec. 30	Buxton 60	Alumni 52	Home
Jan. 3	Buxton 59	Potter 52	Home
Jan. 6	Buxton 52	Porter 58	Away
Jan. 13	Buxton 58	Windham 85	Away
Jan. 17	Buxton 51	Potter 54	Away
Jan. 20	Buxton 80	Greely 77	Home
Jan. 24	Buxton 76	Hollis 42	Home
Jan. 27	Buxton 52	Standish 90	Home
Feb. 3	Buxton 52	Pennell 57	Away
Feb. 7	Buxton 54	Limington 56	Home
Feb. 10	Buxton 51	Porter 73	Home
Feb. 15	Buxton 60	Falmouth 68	Expo

BOYS' BASKETBALL

First Row, Left to Right: Coach Philbrick, W. Kimball, A. Grant, G. Davis, R. Pinkham, R. Berry, Captain T. Pinkham, S. Gannett, R. Vail, N. Leavitt, J. Green, Manager A. Townsend.
Second Row, Left to Right: R. Mallory, D. Pinkham, R. Plummer, K. Eastman.

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Seated, Left to Right: W. Kimball, R. Berry, N. Leavitt, G. Davis, A. Grant.
Second Row, Left to Right: S. Gannett, B. Emery, D. Sawyer, R. Plummer, Coach, Mr. Johnson.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL — CLAUDIA HIGGINS '56

BUXTON DEFEATS WINDHAM — 58-46

Buxton girls won their first Triple-C game. It was an easy game, Buxton going ahead in the first quarter and remaining there.

BUXTON WINS OVER NORTH BERWICK — 67-55

Buxton makes it two wins in a row. Ruthie Eaton was high scorer with 46 points.

HOLLIS EDGES BUXTON — 49-48

After a close game, Hollis finally won over Buxton. Joyce Usher scored 29 points in a losing battle.

BUXTON WHAMS STANDISH — 65-52

The score was tied at the end of the first quarter; but Buxton girls went ahead in the second and remained in the lead. Ruthie was high scorer with 29 points.

BUXTON BOWS TO LIMINGTON — 49-59

Although they fought hard, Buxton girls were no match for the Limington sextette. Ruthie Eaton was high scorer with 15 points.

BUXTON WALLOPS ALUMNI — 45-22

Buxton easily defeated the Alumni girls, who were out of practice. Two members of the high school squad were borrowed to complete the Alumni team.

BUXTON NIPS POTTER — 45-43

This game proved to be a tense and exciting one. With only a few seconds left and the score tied, Helen Wilson, our heroine of the evening, shot the winning basket.

WINDHAM RALLIES OVER BUXTON — 71-68

Buxton took the lead and kept it until the last quarter. Then Windham slowly crept by Buxton and won. Joyce Usher scored 31 points for Buxton.

POTTER DOWNS BUXTON — 43-36

After the first quarter, which ended in a tie, Potter girls steadily gained points. Potter was unbeaten on their own floor.

BUXTON SOCKS HOLLIS — 47-32

The first half was very close. However, during the last half Buxton girls steadily walked away from Hollis. Joyce Usher was high scorer with 22 points.

STANDISH TRIMS BUXTON 47-44

Buxton and Standish seemed to be evenly matched in this game. Although the score was tied through most of the last quarter, Standish finally crept ahead just before the buzzer. Helen Wilson was high scorer with 20 points.

BUXTON OUTLASTS LIMINGTON 41-37

Buxton girls turned the tables on Limington this time. The score was close throughout the game. Joyce Usher put in 15 points to aid our cause.

On February 8, a girls foul-shooting contest was held to determine Buxton's representative in the contest to be held in Portland. Helen Wilson won with 23 shots out of 35. Joyce Usher and Barbara Elwell were next with 21 and 20 respectively.

At the state contest held at Portland Junior College on Feb.11, Helen Wilson made good 14 of 35 shots.

POINT SUMMARY

Name	FG	FS	Total
Eaton, R	226	23	249
Usher, J	172	23	195
Wilson, H	62	16	78
Elwell, B	60	10	70
Fogg, R	20	7	27

The following members of the squad played as guards or forwards but had no field goals or foul shots.

Goodson, J	Plummer, D	Goodson, E
Betts, C	Reynolds, G	Ingalls, J
Wood, J	Garland, J	Straw, J

TODAY'S THE TIME

We cannot hope to see the distant way, CHARLES G
The future lies beyond our mortal sight.
The past is gone with all its disarray, REIGNER
Today's the time to think and plan aright.

What's done today will make the next task clear.
We dare not sit and let the days go by
Or yield despairingly to anxious fear,
But rather do today what meets the eye.

To work with faith and courage in the heart,
To act today on what we've learned and know,
To take the step which means we've made a start
Will give us all a satisfying glow.

Above the mists of doubt there's still a ray
Of light to break the clouds of fear and dread.
Although we cannot see the distant way,
We still can take the step that's just ahead.

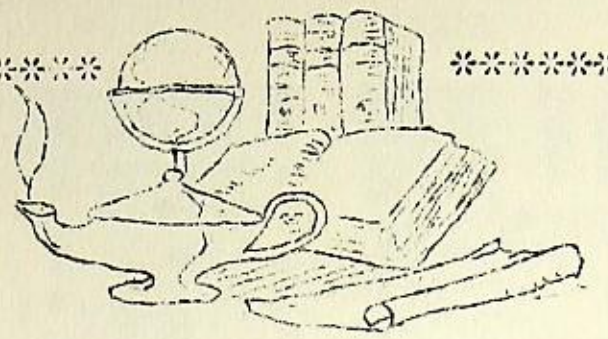
GIRLS' BASKETBALL

First Row, Left to Right: J. Goodson, H. Wilson, Captain J. Usher, Co-Captain R. Eaton, D. Plummer, B. Elwell, C. Betts.
Second Row, Left to Right: Coach G. Elwell, J. Wood, J. Garland, J. Straw, G. Reynolds, J. Ingalls, E. Goodson, Manager C. Higgins.

CHEERLEADERS

Kneeling, Left to Right: E. Goodson, J. Garland, D. Plummer, J. Ingalls.
Second Row, Left to Right: J. Cressey, P. Day, J. Goodson, P. Straw, J. Straw, C. Betts, Mr. Mezoian, Coach.

EXCHANGES



HELEN WILSON '56

CASCO LOGGERS — CASCO HIGH SCHOOL

We like the new name for your book and your covers certainly are attractive.

THE WREATH — POTTER HIGH SCHOOL

Your ads and introductory pages are neat. Quite a change in book appearance. Congratulations!

THE PINE CONE — CORNISH HIGH SCHOOL

Yours is one of the best exchange sections we have reviewed. We especially like the informal pictures.

SOKOKIS — LIMERICK HIGH SCHOOL

It is always a pleasure to read "Sokokis." We miss seeing your people in our league.

THE NORTHLAND — WASHBURN HIGH SCHOOL

Cute idea having pictures in the ad section. We notice that you also have interesting Club write-ups.

Our school has become a member of the Triple C, therefore we will not be able to exchange books with the above schools in 1957.

****

THE OUTLOOK — PORTER HIGH SCHOOL

You have a fine and interesting book. We think that the literary section is excellent.

THE SUNBEAM — HOLLIS HIGH SCHOOL

You have a splendid yearbook. The pictures and joke section were especially good. The cover change was a fine idea.

THE SIGNET — DEXTER HIGH SCHOOL

Your music section shows versatility both in program and pictures. We also note the cover change.

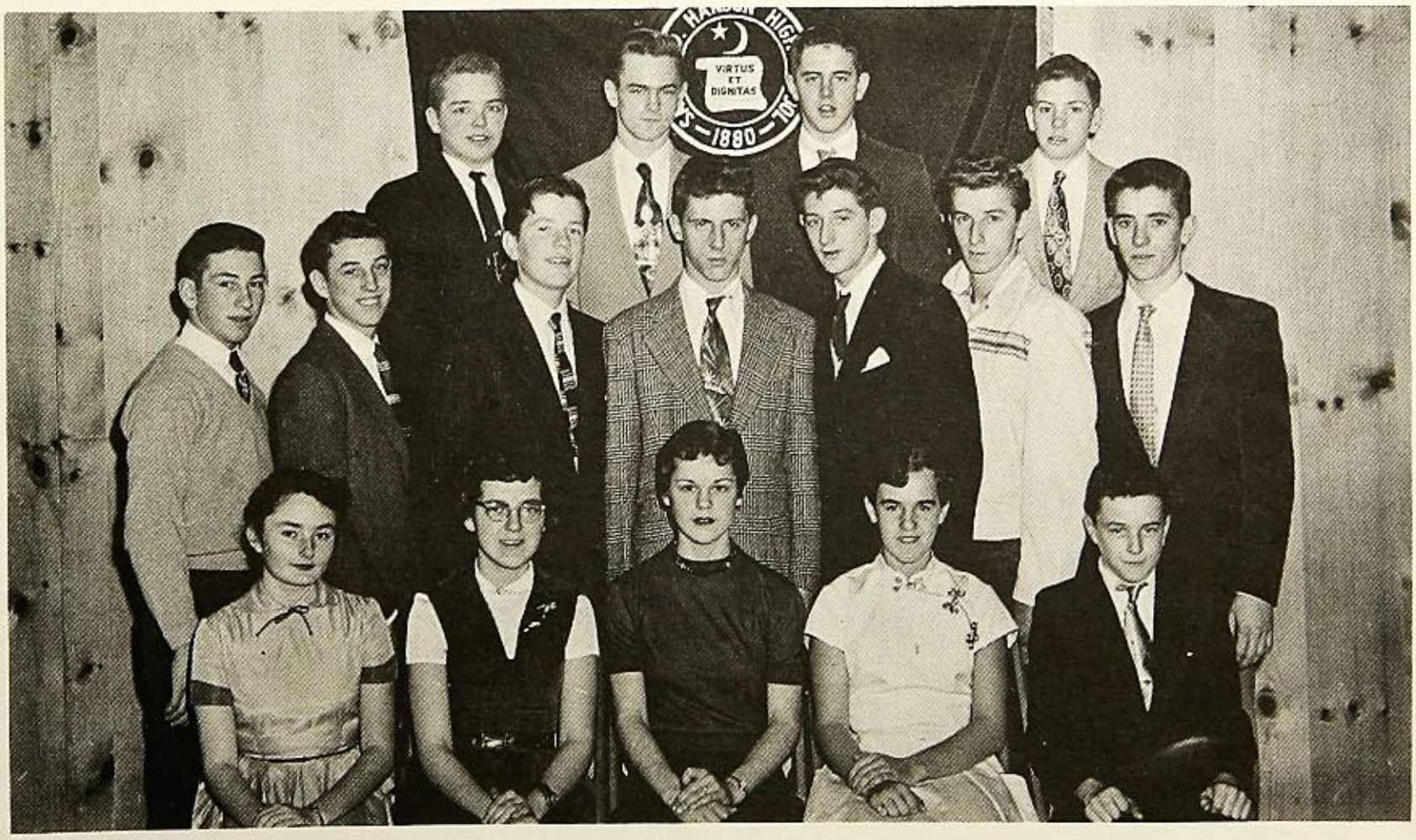
THE CRIMSON RAMBLER — STANDISH HIGH SCHOOL

You have a well organized book. "Our Town" showed originality--we enjoyed it.

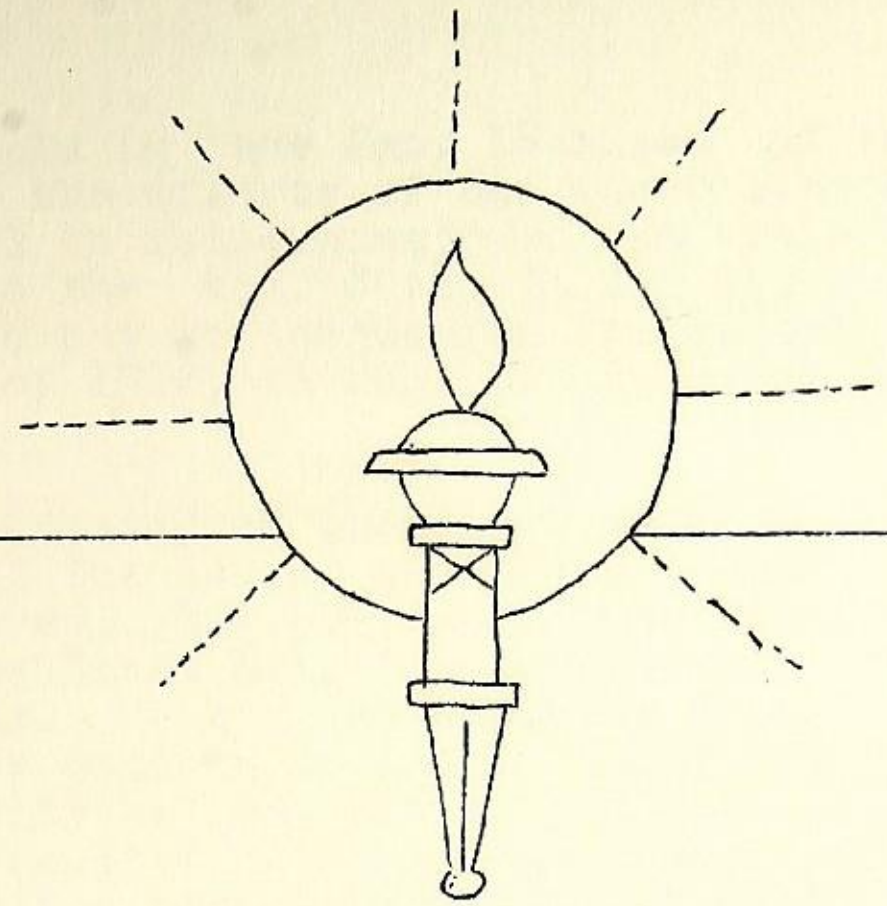
BASEBALL

Kneeling, Left to Right: N. Leavitt, C. Green, R. Vail, C. Bradbury, D. Sawyer, G. Harmon, L. Gerrish, A. Townsend, Manager.
Back Row, Left to Right: Coach Philbrick, E. Townsend, K. Bangs, M. Meikle, R. Day, N. Solak, W. Kimball, T. Pinkham, S. Gannett.

SWIM GROUP



Seated, Left to Right: J. Ingalls, G. Wilson, J. Usher, E. Goodson, L. Gerrish.
Second Row, Left to Right: R. Berry, R. Plummer, K. Eastman, B. Campbell, D. Clay, A. Richards, S. Gannett.
Third Row, Left to Right: R. Usher, T. Pinkham, D. Sawyer, R. Mallory.



THE LITTLE LIGHTS OF HOME A. C. SYMMES 1902

Weary from toil, we climb the hill
    Amid the sunset's glow,
We plod upon our homeward way
    With heavy feet and slow;
But when we reach the top, we look
    To see, amid the gloam
Across the valley gleaming
    The little lights of home.

Oh earthly stars, than heaven more fair
    By heaven's mercy sent,
We leave our hearts with you each day
    When forth to labor bent!
We guard the walls that shelter thee
    And all that is thy own,
That naught shall dim thy holy rays,
    Oh little lights of home!

ALUMNI

The school is always happy to hear from its former members. We are sure that the readers of the Crescent would be interested in sharing the following letter from an Alumna of Buxton High School.

Dear Mr. Stonier:

I saw an article in the Jan. 18 issue of the Portland Press Herald describing the efforts of the cheerleaders of the Samuel D. Hanson High School to raise money for the Athletics' Department. It took me back to the time when, in the old Buxton High School, we raised money to buy an organ for the school. Since I graduated in the class of 1902, it will be apparent that this was some time ago.

The school consisted of about 40 members, in all. The class of 1902 was one of the larger ones, and graduated eight, although fifteen had entered. Our principal was Mr. Jere Hill of Groveville, and our assistant Mrs. D.M. Hutchinson, whose son is still on the old place. We had no athletic activities at all. An occasional play or social, to raise money for graduation was the only social activity we had. The school consisted of the assembly room and a small recitation room; the lower part of the building being occupied by the grammar school. It would look pretty small and poverty stricken to the student body of today.

And yet I am indebted to that small school for more than I can express. In it I learned to study, and that study does not end with graduation. Later I took one year of Normal School (that was when two years was the regular course) and yet when I came to teach, it was to the High School that I owed the greater part of the material which was of use. During the last part of the senior year, the assistant, realizing that some of us would go out into the rural schools, with no other preparation, for teaching;--slanted the instruction to help them--and it was a great help.

I have taught twelve years in the rural schools of Maine-five before my marriage, and returning during the emergency, seven years. I have done considerable writing, being actively engaged in it now, as well as serving as lecturer in the Grange for a number of years. And in all this work, I am glad to pay my grateful tribute to what Buxton High---little old Buxton High---did for me.

I am glad to note the growth and improvement of the school I wish I could let those old teachers and schoolmates know how much I owe them.

But the school is still there, and heir to all the good of the past, and so, to you who are its head, I extend my best wishes and my hopes that the boys and girls you are teaching may get as much out of it as I did. Respectfully,

Received January 20, 1956
Mrs. Annette (Chadbourne) Symmes
Emery's Mills, Maine

'03
Sarah Graham Crother, Deceased
Lizzie May Foss, Retired Telephone Operator, Bar Mills, Maine
Susie Towle Chaney, Deceased
Frank Morton Elwell, West Buxton, Maine
Ina Hall Harmon, Deceased

'02
Mabel Johnson Strout, Deceased
Ina Ford Fogg, R.F.D.#1 Saco, Maine
Elmer Goodwin Redlon, Farmer, West Gorham, Maine
Ida Libby Marshall, Deceased
William Henry Harmon, Deceased
Charlotte Redlon Haley, West Buxton, Maine
Annette Chadbourne Symmes, Retired School Teacher, Newfield, Maine
Sylence Lowell Otis, Deceased
Bernice Norton Shackford, Deceased

'01
Blanche Sands Hill, Deceased
Edythe Blake Ridlon, Semi-retired, 11 Shepley St. Portland, Maine
Lulie Pease Wallace, Housewife, Bar Mills, Maine

'00
Galen W. Hill, Deceased
Philip S. Brooks, Retired, Bar Mills, Maine
Chester W. Roberts, Deceased
Harriet Fogg Gerrish, Housewife, West Buxton, Maine
George E. Leatherbarrow, Insurance Agent, Saco, Maine
Delna Edgecomb Moulton, Deceased
Arthur W. Davis, West Buxton, Maine
Mildred Fogg Hill, Housewife, West Buxton, Maine
Linnette Parker Martin, Housewife, Biddeford, Maine

'99
Melvena Anderson Tyler, Deceased
Milton Jack, Unknown
Grace Berry Meserve, Housewife, West Scarborough, Maine
James Garfield Hutchinson, Farmer, West Buxton, Maine
Ethel Hill Brooks, Housewife, Bar Mills, Maine

'98
Clara Libby Littlefield, Housewife, Groveville, Maine
Mabel Wood Boothby, Retired School Teacher, Portland, Maine
Joseph Leatherbarrow, Retired Farmer, Gorham, Maine
Richard Jose Libby, Retired Farmer, West Buxton, Maine
George Melville Emery, Deceased
Samuel Allison Hill, Bangor, Maine

'97
Grace Warren, Housekeeper, West Buxton, Maine
Harriet Davis Soule, Housewife, Edwards Street, Portland, Maine
Albert Frank Warren, Deceased
Everett H. Phinney, Deceased
Frank Clifford Eaton, Hollis, Maine
Fred Tristram Eaton, Deceased
Blanche Patridge Dean, School Cafeteria, West Buxton, Maine

'97 CONT.
Statira Amanda Boothby, Deceased
Herbert William Redlon, Retired, West Buxton, Maine

'96
Nellie Clay Martin, Deceased
Margaret Harmon Ward, Deceased
Harry Merritt Towne, Deceased
Arthur S. Redlon, Deceased
Herbert F. Dunnell, Deceased
Frank M. Adams, Retired, Braintree, Massachusetts
Ethel Parker Lane, Deceased
Almira Edgerly Townsend, Deceased
Lucina Haynes Lombard, Deceased
Ora Davis Jose, Housewife, Bar Mills, Maine
Grace Sherman Harmon, Housewife, R.F.D.#3, Gorham, Maine
Edith Locke Clarke, Deceased
John Preston Mayo, Deceased
Willie Bacon Blake, Unknown

'55
James Allen, Portland Machine Shop, R.F.D.#3 Gorham, Maine
Robert Black, U.S. Air Force, San Antonio, Texas
Arnold Davis, U.S. Air Force, Sampson Air Force Base, New York
Charles Davis, Maine Vocational Technical Institute, Bar Mills
George Deering, Cook and Co., R.F.D.#1, West Scarborough, Maine
Donna Dunphy, Portland Mutual Insurance Co., R.F.D.#3 Gorham
Erland Emery, U.S. Air Force, San Atonio, Texas
Westley Foye, University of Maine, Orono, Maine
Linwood Gerrish, Kendall & Whitney, West Buxton, Maine
Roberta Harris, Clothes Pin Factory, South Portland, Maine
Carol Harriman, Mrs. Donald Ham, Hollis, Maine
Robert Hutchinson, South Worth Machine, R.F.D.#1 Saco, Maine
Wayne Jose, Maine Vocational Technical Institute, R.F.D.#3, Gorham
Shirley Lamb, Mrs. Junior Roberts, Groveville, Maine
Norman Libby, Mrs. Joseph Virgie, Hollis Center, Maine
Juanita MacDougall, Gorham State Teachers College
Nancy Nason, Portland Mutual Insurance Co., Bar Mills, Maine
Albert Pease, U.S. Air Force, Wichita Falls, Texas
Claire Redlon, Gorham State Teachers College
Calvin Reynolds, U.S. Air Force, Columbus, Ohio
Carol Spaulding, Standish, Maine
Joy Tapley, Portland Telephone & Telegraph Co., Gorham, Maine
Rena Van Leer, Office work in Portland, West Buxton, Maine
Dorothy Waterman, Sears & Roebuck, R.F.D.#3, Gorham, Maine
Ronald Young, Blue Rock Quarry, West Buxton, Maine

THE WIND — JULIE INGALLS '59

The ship sailed with courtly grace,
The mast was sturdy, the storm to face,
The white sails rippled when the wind did blow,
I remember that day so long ago.

One night the wind whistled in the trees,
The lightning flashed across the seas
And the ship crashed along the shore,
And my Captain was to live no more.

JOKES

Barry, caught in mischief, was asked by Mr. Stonier: "How do you expect to get into Heaven?"

He thought a minute and then said: "Well, I'll just run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door till they say, "For goodness sake, come in or stay out! Then I'll go in."

****

While motoring through Italy a lady stopped at some ancient ruins to have her picture taken.

"Be sure not to get the car in the picture," she warned the photographer, "or my husband will think I caused all the damage."

****

Jacky: "Captain, I have neither pencil nor paper."
Captain: "What would you think about a soldier who went to battle without a rifle and ammunition?"
Jacky: "I would think he was an officer, sir."

****

Oscar: "Why are hurricanes named after girls?"
Rose: "Did you ever hear of a hisicane!"

****

Mr. Stonier: "I wish you'd stop whistling at your work."
Alan R.: "Don't worry, sir, I'm not working."

****

Allan T.: "How can you do so many stupid things in one day?"
Joe: "I get up early."

****

Bob: "Some girls' hairdos look like mops."
Teddy: "Yeh, but that doesn't worry them. They don't know what a mop looks like."

****

Keith: "Ma, you know the ring I had around my neck?"
Mother: "Yes."
Keith: "Well, it's around the bathtub now."

****

Peg: "What did one icicle say to another?"
Joe: "I don't know. What?"
Peg: "Man, you're cool!"

****

Oscar: "I've got a splinter in my finger."
Peg: "What'cha been doing scratching your head?"

****

Janice: "Why does your dog keep turning around in circles?"
Helen: "He's a watch dog, and he's winding himself up."

****

The Kicking Horse

"A horse can't pull while kicking.
This fact I merely mention.

And he can't kick while pulling.
Which is my chief contention."

"Let's imitate the good old horse
And lead a life that's fitting;
Just pull an honest load, and then
There'll be no time for kicking."

SEVENTH GRADE

First Row, Left to Right: C. Hutto, W. Ayer, F. Weeman, C. Marcoux, A. Murray, M. Thomas, E. Straw, G. Roberts, J. Plummer, A. Davis.
Second Row, Left to Right: C. Wright, B. Plummer, D. Anderson, A. Brackett, F. Pinder, H. Grant, B. Sargent, D. Lamontagne, W. Daniels, R. Tapley, C. Kimball, B. Meikle, F. Jewett, B. Shepard, B. Emery, R. Dixon, E. Brackett, Mrs. Reed.
Third Row, Left to Right: L. Smith, B. MacDougall, B. Wakefield, C. Sanford, F. Day, L. Shepard, J. Peabody, E. Ehrenborg, L. Butler, E. Byl, H. Davis, G. Mosley, E. Roberts.

EIGHTH GRADE

First Row, Left to Right: P. Chase, J. Smith, P. Hanna, J. Mallory, A. Leadbetter, D. Plummer, L. Parker, D. Reed, J. Garland.
Second Row, Left to Right: B. Mosley, B. Woodcock, J. Gillette, R. Marshall, R. Libby, A. Paine, G. Hunt, P. Brackett, R. Green, F. Davis, M. Gerrish, R. Dixon, D. Davis, Mr. Gillette.
Third Row, Left to Right: S. Tibbetts, S. Campbell, K. Hamilton, B. Saindon, B. Deering, B. Trott, V. Young, P. Berry, P. Barker, S. Kimball.

. . . We are happy
to have been a part
in preserving todays events
for your memories tomorrow.

. . . your yearbook lithographer

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

We, the students of Samuel D. Hanson High School, wish to thank all the people who made this year book possible. Your help and cooperation has been deeply appreciated.

Advisor and Crescent Staff

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He was asked why he wanted the fifteen days. "I'm getting married too," he replied, "and I need the extra five days to find a girl to marry me."

****

What a lot of women would like to do with last year's dress is get into it.

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HE CAME FROM WHERE? Wm. LYNCH '59

He came from outer space
Some planet not yet known
When he came, he came alone
His space ship through the sky
would race
And then return again
A fleeting missel in the wind.
He wore a big helmet on his head
His suit was colored with black
and red
To me he translated what he said.
He said his planet was big and red.
And almost all the life was dead.
When on his way, again he'd stop
And take me wizzing through the air
In his space ship with jets aglare.

****

Wife to husband at airport: "Be sure to write, even if it's only a check." Reader's Digest

****

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Edw. Dreschnack

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A Garden Is a Prayer

A garden is an answered prayer.
  It is the sower's faith
That God will breathe upon the air
  And raise the flowers from death.

The ground, so short a time ago,
  Was ugly and unkempt.
But now a dream begins to grow
  That some rash dreamer dreamt.

A garden is a holy spot,
  For anyone can see
God's footprint in each gardenplot,
  God's hand on every tree.

--Author Unknown.

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On a Miami-Chicago flight was a lively youngster who nearly drove everyone crazy. He was running up and down the aisle when the stewardess started serving coffee, and ran smack into her, knocking the papercupped coffee to the floor. As he stood by watching her clean up the mess, she glanced up at the boy and said, "Look, why don't you go and play OUTSIDE?"

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